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NOTES.

THE great Indian Frontier gun of the "Times," which booms out at fixed intervals, is a very ponderous piece of ordnance. Here we are at the fourth discharge, and yet it seems to make no impression on its object. There is plenty of smoke and obscurity, but no result is visible so far. The object of the writer seems to be, by marshalling all the objections to all the proposals at present before the public, to arrive by elimination at some solution of his own. He proposes, we should gather, to prove that you can have a Forward military policy without any Forward movement of the administration. Mr. Balfour's references to the subject this week follow the same lines—which were indicated by Lord George Hamilton some time ago. The idea is absurd. You cannot take up military points in a wild country, and hold them against all comers, without rousing armed opposition, or without eventually imposing your own administration in some form. Sir Robert Sandeman, who seems to be the model adopted by the New Lights, succeeded in quenching such opposition, not in avoiding it. He simply subdued the tribes who opposed him in successive little campaigns, and then brought them under our yoke; but he operated in a country far easier of access than that with which we have now to do, and with a portion only of the tribesmen who are now at war.

Mr. Balfour's three postulates do not help much to focus discussion on the Indian Frontier problem. All will agree that it is the duty of the British Government to protect its Indian subjects. It has done so effectively under the old system, and with a minimum loss of life among its own soldiers. Similarly there can be no question that the tribes must not be interfered with by any Government other than our own. That has been secured by the agreements concluded with the Russian Government and with the Amir of Kabul. But when Mr. Balfour adds, as a third postulate, that we have guaranteed the Amir, under certain contingencies, against external attack, and that we cannot carry out this obligation unless we hold the mountain passes into his country, he is drawing too large a draft on public credulity. Every one nowadays is perfectly aware that our aim in moving forward is not so much to open the passes in order that our own troops may reach Kabul as to seal the passes against the troops of a foreign Power, which is possibly desirous of marching through them on its way to invade India. The point at issue is whether, for the defence of India, this is the best strategy, all things considered; not whether it is a measure needful for the defence of Afghanistan. If that were our only object, we have no need, for example, to occupy Chitral. The Khaibar, the Kuram Valley, and Quetta give us all, and more than all, we need. Mr. Balfour's rather disingenuous effort to

throw dust into our eyes will not avail, we venture to assure him.

The death of Mr. Stacy Marks robs the Academy of one of those humourists who enter it under the disguise of a painter. Not that Mr. Marks had not the ambition and some of the talents for design of another kind, but his most characteristic gift was for caricature, and one would think he might have found his niche most comfortably with his contemporaries, Keene and Du Maurier, in black-and-white character drawing. But as things artistic are managed among us, a joke, if painted, is worth large sums of money and Academicianship. The drawings of Charles Keene, unspoiled by paint, unofficial, masterly, may be bought for a few shillings apiece.

Another oddity in the official representation of art is brought out by recent discourses of Sir Edward Poynter and Sir W. B. Richmond. Both dealt with applied art, and the latter laid emphasis on the claims of William Morris to rank with the most notable painters of his time. At a moment when so many Academicianships are waiting to be filled, there is a very simple way of giving effect to these admirable sentiments, namely, to allot one or two Academicianships to designers like Messrs. Walter Crane, Voysey, Lethaby, and Ricketts, instead of to second-rate landscape and figure painters. The proportion of painters to architects and designers is ludicrous. Mr. Pearson, by the way, the famous "restorer," has left a gap that ought to be filled by Mr. Philip Webb or Mr. Bentley.

Mr. Balfour spoke with considerable judgment on the question of China at Manchester. In a mercantile city he could not help putting forward the mercantile argument, and his declaration that England's interest in the matter consisted in keeping the country open and in preventing any one or more Powers from carrying out an arrangement for its partition has been received with universal favour at home and with a surprising amount of acquiescence abroad. The mild and respectful tone of the German press especially is almost unprecedented of recent years. France also is friendly, and the United States quite effusive. The important point at the present moment is whether England will take full advantage of her chance to lend China the money she wants. There need be no great financial risk; it is the political and commercial compensations that must be chiefly considered.

There are two courses of action open for us in China. We may do nothing, and follow the traditional policy of drift, whilst talking of the all-importance of peace: or we may seek compensation for Kiao-Chiao in Chusan and Woosung. It is on record in our Parliamentary Papers, as the opinion of two distinguished Admirals, that England needs a naval base

to the north or Hong-Kong. Mr. Balfour, in his speech at Manchester, admits the necessity of a "base for possible warlike operations," so that we may suppose Lord Salisbury to be up and doing. A naval base cannot be improvised at the last moment, but requires docks and fortifications if it is to be of real value, and therefore there is no time to lose.

As for Russia and Germany, we cannot compel their withdrawal from Kiao-Chiao and Port Arthur by force without the aid of Japan. In numbers, in tonnage, in weight of metal, and in the total of guns carried, the combined Russo-German squadron will be stronger than ours in a few days. If we endeavoured to expel the intruders, we might have France to deal with into the bargain, and our position would be decidedly awkward. We have no assured command of the sea against two Powers, much less against three. But there is not much chance of England attempting violent measures. A commercial nation rarely or never moves till it is directly attacked.

There is one lesson in this whole Chinese crisis which not one of our English newspapers has yet drawn. In "high" diplomacy we have for years past been out-manœuvred at every point in the Far East by Russia, by France, and last of all by Germany. Each ambassador of ours has been a greater failure than his predecessor. If we have at last scored a considerable success, it has simply been because Russia, growing over-confident, struck a little too directly at one of "Hart's men"—Mr. McLeavy Brown, Chief Commissioner of Customs in Corea. The counterstroke was instant and decisive; after the appearance of the British fleet at Chemulpo on Christmas Day, and the delivery of an imperative note—an ultimatum, in fact—nominally to the Corean Government, practically to Russia, the victory of Mr. McLeavy Brown over M. Alexieff was complete. England now stands in line with Japan in defending the financial independence of Corea, and eighteen months' work of the Russian agent has apparently been fruitless.

Sir Robert Hart, like so many of his colleagues in the Chinese Customs and Consular service, is an Irishman. Born in the pleasant county of Armagh, he graduated with first-class honours from the Queen's College, Belfast, and, entirely without influence or backing, entered the Chinese Consular Service (by examination) as a "supernumerary interpreter." By sheer force of brain and character he has worked himself into the position of the foremost Englishman in China. Mr. McLeavy Brown, whom he has "lent" to Corea for five years, graduated from the same College, followed a similar career, and will probably in due time be Sir Robert's successor at Peking. Finally, by an odd coincidence, Mr. Jordan, Consul-General at Seoul, who has so stoutly backed up Mr. McLeavy Brown and held his own against M. Alexieff, comes from county Down and is also a Belfast graduate. The examination system has its obvious disadvantages—China itself is a shocking example—but in this instance it has provided the Empire with three trusty men in time of need.

Even as Germany, flourishing a mailed fist, sent crusaders to China in order that the Gospel might be spread, the Russian policy, it seems, proceeds from a moral motive scarcely less exalted. Mr. Syromiatnikov, member of a Russian mission recently returned from China, has expounded this motive in the "Daily News." It is not conquest that Russia seeks. Her aspiration is merely to promote the Brotherhood of Man. For centuries, it appears, she thought that the promised land of Brotherhood was India; "but since the Berlin Congress," says Mr. Syromiatnikov, "we have realised that we are essentially an Oriental people, whose great mission lies in the East." In fact, if it had not been for Lord Beaconsfield, the Cossacks might now have been engaged in preaching the Brotherhood of Man in India.

The last news from Uganda gives no sign of any improvement in the condition of the country, which is now more disturbed than at any period since 1890.

There has been more fighting apparently between the Soudanese and Major Macdonald's forces. Mr. Pilkington, one of the best known of the Uganda missionaries, and Lieutenant Macdonald have both been killed. The final defeat of the revolted Soudanese was promised some time ago; but it has not yet been effected, and apparently no further action will now be taken until the arrival of the Indian troops from Mombasa. Meanwhile the French are quietly strengthening their hold on the Upper Nile.

Mr. H. M. Stanley has always been unfortunate in his first judgment of men and in his commercial predictions. Hence his confident estimate that Rhodesia will one day rival the Rand in gold production is not likely to carry so much weight as Mr. Selous' abandonment of his former opinion as to the metalliferous wealth of the country. Mr. Stanley proves too much. He tells us that his own body is a very accurate malariometer, and that this sensitive instrument has given no sign of the presence of malaria in Rhodesia. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stanley is a better judge of the distribution of gold than he is of the distribution of malarial hæmatozoa.

The engineering dispute is to be prolonged, although the case of the men is now hopeless. The idea a short time ago was that the engineers must in any case hold out till the opening of Parliament, when Members on both sides would force a compromise. But there were two points overlooked; in the first place Mr. Ritchie had already exhausted his powers, and in the second place the North-country Liberal M.P.'s have shown themselves even more stiff-necked than the Tories. It is hinted that Sir Christopher Furness was brought forward at York with the deliberate intention of showing the men that politics made no difference in this matter. Certainly the North-Eastern Trade Unionists have supported the official Liberal candidate, and thrown over Mr. Barnes and Mr. Keir Hardie. So far as the present campaign is concerned, the men have been out-manœuvred and decisively beaten, and they should now recognise the accomplished fact.

The "Dreyfus Case" is still existing. On Monday it was re-opened in the trial, by Court-martial, of Major Esterhazy. No evidence of much importance was adduced then; but on Tuesday, when the evidence was expected to be important, the case was heard "in camera." It is true that for certain military offences a Court-martial, which is a private rite, is the proper tribunal; but in this matter, as the subject was of national moment, it had no rationality at all, and Major Esterhazy was acquitted. Moreover, the Court allowed it to leak out that each gentleman on the judgment-seat shook hands with him in congratulation on his acquittal. What the Court-martial wished to keep secret is secret still. That which it wanted to make public, the demagogic shaking of hands, was greeted by the plaudits of the Paris mob. The fact remains that the "bordereau" for which Captain Dreyfus was condemned to imprisonment in a cage did not seem to English eyes to be in the handwriting of the accused. His handwriting and the "bordereau" were reproduced in an English journal, and the slight similarity would not have deceived an English jury for a moment. Major Esterhazy may be innocent. It is more likely, we think, that Captain Dreyfus is.

Mr. Balfour's pronouncement on the question of Irish Local Government was surprisingly vigorous and animated, and it wound up with a warning—almost a threat—that has puzzled many readers. He declared that the new scheme must be placed on as broad a basis as that which obtains in England and in Scotland. Ireland must be treated "on an equality" with the other countries, but the whole control of local taxation must be placed on "an absolutely popular basis," on "the same broad, free and uncontrolled basis as that which we enjoy here or in Scotland." And then he abruptly added, "If we find ourselves unable, if the result of Parliamentary comment and criticism should show that we are unable to grant this broad, free, popular local government, we shall deeply regret it, but we shall

feel that, at all events, we cannot ask the British taxpayer to spend £700,000 a year if that result is not to be attained, and all the high hopes which Irishmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen have entertained will be doomed to disappointment."

This is, of course, only another instance of the "take-it-or-leave-it" kind of speech with which Mr. Balfour is much too fond of introducing his Bills. It has not proved very effective, but in that, as in other matters, the leader of the House is almost impervious to criticism. The real point of interest is, against whom is the threat directed? Not to English or Scotch M.P.'s; for all parties are united in the desire to give the widest possible local government to Ireland. Not to Irish Nationalists; for, much as some of them would like to upset the Government, they have discovered that their constituents are really interested in and anxiously looking for the new scheme. The danger lies in Lord Londonderry and his "cave." The old ascendancy party in Ireland have come to hate and distrust Mr. Balfour almost as much as they formerly adored him. "We don't want a 'generous' measure of local government," cried the Rev. Dr. Kane, the Boanerges of the Londonderry party, at a recent meeting, and undoubtedly some of the landlords and Orangemen will try to "get even" with Mr. Balfour for his Land Bill and his educational leanings by putting a spoke in his Local Government Bill. They have neither power nor influence in the House of Commons, but in the Lords they may do mischief.

About ten years ago the sage "Spectator" suggested that Sir Matthew White Ridley ought to succeed to the leadership of the Conservative Party. The statesman was in gentle accord with the ladylike Whiggery which is dear to our contemporary's heart. When he is a member of the Government he damns with strenuous praise; when he is in Opposition he is a wisecrack to whom Mr. Courtney should be pleased to hold the candle. Only, wisecracks in politics invariably have no acolyte: each pundit officiates by himself. Nevertheless, probably owing to the stir in by-elections, Sir Matthew, in addressing his constituents on Tuesday night, took a fairly straightforward line. For his part, he could not perceive that the Government was reasonably expected "to carry out an impossible Newcastle Programme." This nobody can deny. "Nor was Home Rule a feasible task." As Home Rule did not save the Radical Ministry, that saying was a work of supererogation. Who expects the Tory Party to "oblige a few disaffected persons in Ireland?" Perhaps the disaffected persons will help themselves to a Local Government Act. The Home Secretary defended the Truck Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act. These measures were in his proper province. It would be to the general advantage if it became a rule that a constituency whose representative happens to be in the Government expected its member, when a General Election is not impending, to vindicate his own department only.

Conscious that his own Party cannot formulate any programme which would produce harmony among its sects, Lord Kimberley encourages himself to hope much from what the Ministry themselves are doing. Speaking at Wymondham on Wednesday night, he remarked that the Liberal Party would welcome the measure in regard to Local Government in Ireland, because it would strengthen the feeling in favour of Home Rule. That, in its turn, would lead to the Lords offending a body of opinion large enough to encourage his followers to make another attack upon the Upper Chamber. Thus, by-and-by, it was possible that the Liberal Party might be able to do some mischief. That is Lord Kimberley's argument, clarified. Speaking in Manchester on the same day, Mr. Balfour expressed what the country is likely to think of such tactics. So long as the Liberals lack convictions or the courage to state them openly, they must be treated as mere office-seekers.

Mr. Carvell Williams comes off second best in his little controversy with Canon Deane in the correspond-

ence columns of the "Times." We have always considered that the use made by Mr. Williams of the book known as "Gace's Catechism" was eminently unfair, since no one has ever been able to point to a single school where this silly little work is used. It is obviously illegitimate, therefore, to regard it as a type of the teaching given in Church schools. Mr. Carvell Williams has given himself and his cause away—not for the first time.

Mr. Williams does not seem to understand that by giving the Disestablishment agitation a theological turn he has spoilt his whole case. He tells us, for example, that the Nonconformists "seek to put an end to the Establishment in order to maintain the Protestantism of the nation." Just so; not in order to secure "religious equality," not "to free the Church from the fetters of State control," but to set up Nonconformist Protestantism in the place of Anglicanism. We used to hear much of "the principle of Disestablishment," and we were constantly told that Liberationists had no theological bias. Now at length we hear the truth; the "equality" cant is played out, and the Liberationist champion takes his stand as a sectarian.

The English Church Union leaders appear to be entering upon an experiment in boycotting. They have exacted a somewhat abject apology from one of their clerical members, who recently assisted at the remarriage of a divorced person, as a condition, it would seem, of allowing the clergyman in question to remain on the roll of the Union; and this although we are assured that the first marriage was not solemnised in a church. A resolution will be brought before the next meeting of the Council, declaring "that to sanction, permit, assist at, or connive at, any ceremony in a church connected with the legal union of a divorced person is conduct incompatible with membership in the E.C.U." If this clumsily worded resolution is not accepted there is little doubt that something in the same spirit will be carried. If so, the High Church Union will exclude some of the most learned and respected of High Churchmen, such as the Bishop of Lincoln and Canon Bright.

The reply of Cardinal Vaughan and the English Bishops of his Church to the "Responsio" of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York does not strike us as a very formidable piece of argument. It is little more than a reassertion with greater emphasis of the main points of the Papal Bull. In fact, the prelates have adopted the controversial method of that pattern of wisdom, King James II. He was wont, it is said, when a proposition of his had been conclusively refuted, to repeat it over again in precisely the same words, but in a louder voice, and so finally to settle the matter.

The telegraph has not informed us of the object with which a detachment of Bombay Infantry has been despatched, at short notice, to the Persian Gulf. Various sensational paragraphs in the papers have resulted from this absence of correct information. But it seems certain that the detachment is destined to garrison the station of Jask, an important post at the entrance of the Gulf, in Persian territory, where the two lines of submarine telegraph from Bushire touch land, one being continued overland to Gwádur in Baluchistán and to Kurachi. A few years ago this telegraph station was leased by Persia to the British Government, and a detachment of Bombay troops was quartered there. After some time, the Persian Government objected that, the country being quiet and the telegraph safe, there was no further necessity for the presence of these troops, and, the English authorities agreeing, they were withdrawn: but the right of occupation was not waived, and the barracks were maintained in good repair. The recent murder of an Englishman, an old and experienced telegraph official, has caused the dispatch of two English gunboats and a Persian ship of war to the port of Chabbar. The Bombay detachment is probably intended to re-occupy the barracks at Jask (which our Government is fully entitled to do), and to show the Persians that if they do not protect English officers, the British Government will itself perform the duty.

The higher agricultural prices of the past year have brought no comfort to the unhappy cleric; for in spite of them the value of tithe rent-charges has gone down to the lowest point on record since the Commutation Act. An annual average would have given the distressed parson a lift, but unfortunately for him it is the corn average for each period of seven years that regulates tithe. And so he is face to face with the fact that for the first time on record £100 of rent-charge is worth less than £70. It is a poor solace to remind him that since the commutation of 1836, the lean years have been balanced by years when rent-charges were above par. His predecessor enjoyed many luxurious years on prices going up from £100 to £112; but it was 1882 when rent-charges last touched par value, and a new generation has come in since then, to whom the talk of averages is a mockery in the face of diminishing incomes. The effect of the new prices is to decrease for this year the value of every £100 of tithe by £1 11s. 7d. "The submerged Tenth"—the rural clergy—have our heartiest sympathy.

If the Cobden Club has not exhausted its mental energies in the effort to grasp the meaning of Lord Farrer's wonderful list of reasons against countervailing duties on beet sugar, we would commend to its attention the petition to Parliament signed by 8604 luckless British subjects in Guiana who are being ruined by foreign bounties. Unless relief comes speedily, we are assured that the sugar industry of British Colonies is doomed. When the cane-sugar industry is extinct, the bounties will disappear: the countries which have given them will have a monopoly of the sugar market and the British consumer will be at their mercy. The Cobden Club, in its wisdom, does not think countervailing duties will help Colonial sugar. The British Guiana petitioners, who ought to be at least as well informed as Lord Farrer on the point, say they would, and ask that they may be imposed. Perhaps the most astonishing proposal made by those who are ready to fight the bounties in every way but the practical, is that England should herself seriously attempt to cultivate the beet-sugar industry at home!

The lawyers are in high spirits, for the Hilary sittings have opened with a list of a length unprecedented of recent years. Among the cases, it may be noted, are thirty actions for libel against newspapers. Without going into individual cases of which we know nothing, it may safely be said that the greater part of these are purely frivolous and vexatious. Of even greater interest, however, will be the course adopted by the Court of Appeal. It will be remembered that last session the Lord Chief Justice showed his appreciation of the absurd uses to which the law of libel may be put by practically stopping several cases—three on one day, if we remember rightly—after the plaintiff's opening statement. It is understood that in some of these cases there may be an appeal for a new trial, and we know what the result of such an appeal to the late Master of the Rolls would have been—in fact it was so well known that these appeals almost ceased to be made. We sincerely hope that the present distinguished Master will maintain the same bold front as his predecessor, otherwise all the good done by a vigorous and clear-sighted Chief Justice may be rendered nugatory.

Holborn Conservatives have to thank a local faction, posing as their representative organization, for the loss of a really good municipal candidate, who would have prevented Holborn from suffering a total eclipse in the County Council. We regret the loss of the Hon. Claude Hay as a member of the County Council, where his knowledge of working-class questions and his political experience would have been of use; but we cannot blame him for refusing to be played with by a knot of vestry politicians who would not make up their own minds. A good Tory Democrat (or Tory Socialist) is wanted on the County Council, where that steadily growing school of politicians is hardly represented.

Two months ago Mr. Frank Wallace Spriggs was convicted of an assault upon a young lady cyclist

near Rhyl, and was sentenced by Mr. Justice Grantham to five years' penal servitude. At the trial twelve independent witnesses swore that he was at Forest Gate, hundreds of miles away from Rhyl, at the time the assault was said to have been committed, and the only evidence for the prosecution was his identification from a photograph which was in the possession of the police. Nevertheless, Mr. Justice Grantham summed up strongly against the prisoner, his comment upon the evidence for the defence being that it was the most perfect alibi he had ever heard, and was in fact too "artistic." On Friday of last week Mr. Spriggs was released by order of the Home Secretary, after a searching investigation into his case by the authorities of Scotland Yard. We congratulate Sir Matthew White Ridley on his prompt reversal of an unjust judge's decision, but we would ask Mr. Justice Grantham what compensation he proposes to make to this innocent man who has suffered two months' imprisonment through his misdirection of the jury.

A number of papers have been boasting lately that such procedure as that of the Dreyfus case in France is impossible in England, but so long as judges like Mr. Justice Grantham sit upon the Bench, the publicity of criminal proceedings is no guarantee that justice will be done. One wonders how many innocent men on whom this judge has inflicted ferocious sentences have not had the good fortune to attract the attention of the Home Secretary. As for the action of the police in the case, it is but the customary procedure of the force. So long as the police authorities consider it to be their sole business to secure convictions, so long will innocent men continue to be convicted. Evidence in favour of a prisoner which is in the hands of the police is continually suppressed, and until the police authorities are made to realise that it is just as much their business to protect the innocent as to convict the guilty, the police bias which always exists against a prisoner will lead to miscarriage of justice. It is very well that Scotland Yard, on pressure from the Home Office, should make a searching investigation into a case and demonstrate the innocence of a man who is already in prison. But why was the investigation not made before he was convicted?

It is little wonder that the police officers who execute the law should get into the habit of believing themselves above the law, when it is administered in the fashion of Mr. Justice Grantham. Cases continually occur in which police constables are accused of using unnecessary violence towards persons they have taken into custody, though thanks to the bias of magistrates in favour of police evidence, and hard swearing on the part of the officers themselves, they are generally acquitted. Police Constable William Lewis has not had the usual good fortune of his fellows, and on Wednesday he was sentenced by the Recorder to sixteen months' hard labour for assault. We trust his conviction will be a salutary lesson to the whole force.

Geology was once defined by Lord Salisbury as "the science of the what *might* have been." Some American geologists prefer to regard it as the science of the what *may* be. Pictures have often been drawn of the destruction of Toronto, and the devastation of Southern Ontario and Quebec by a flood let loose when the great lakes are emptied owing to the continued recession of the Niagara Falls. Professor G. K. Gilbert now tells us that long before this disaster is due Niagara will have been destroyed by other processes. Some slow changes of level are now taking place over the whole lake region. The eastern outlet will be closed, and the lakes drained by discharging from the southern end of Lake Michigan into the basin of the Mississippi. The change in the river system will begin in about a thousand years' time. The evidence adduced by Professor Gilbert in support of this prophecy is of great interest, although only his preliminary report has yet been published.

Mr. Thistelton-Dyer has no doubt taken a safe course by advising the rigid enforcement of the regulations prohibiting the importation of seeds into British

Central Africa from India and Ceylon. The advantages of the introduction of Indian shade-trees into the Nyassaland coffee plantations were far smaller than the risk of introducing coffee-disease at the same time. Suitable native trees are available and others might be obtained from the West Indies. But some of Mr. Thiselton-Dyer's arguments are not very convincing. He tells us that "the Germans, by some unknown means, have succeeded in introducing the disease into their African territories." The German authorities, however, hold that the coffee disease which has done so much damage in German East Africa is endemic in Africa.

Mr. Mendl has retained for the Opposition the seat at Plymouth. He polled more votes (5966) than have ever before been given for any candidate in the constituency; but his majority over Mr. Guest was only 164. The explanation is that the Conservative poll (5802) was also unprecedentedly heavy. In any case the event would not have had much significance. Workmen in the dockyards are always inclined to go against the party in power, thinking thereby to exact concessions as to wages or hours of work. Therefore, except when parties are nearly equal in the House of Commons, the decisions of dockyard constituencies are only of personal importance. The result of the polling at York is what we anticipated. Lord Charles Beresford has won by a majority of eleven. York is now, for the first time since the Reform Bill, represented by two Conservatives. This is of course due to the exceptional excellence of the Ministerial candidate and to the false position in which Sir Christopher Furness was placed with regard to the Engineering dispute.

Dr. Ingram is almost universally believed to have opened his mouth in song but once—indeed, many imagine that alarmed at the vogue attained by the "rebelly" ballad he has since been careful to keep silence, save within the peaceful precincts of the dismal science. But this is not so. On no very distant occasion the fire has burned again, and he has spoken with his lips. The tragedy at Majuba Hill and the death of Sir G. Colley drew from the late Archbishop of Dublin a graceful sonnet justifying (by implication at least) the war, and from the then Regius Professor of Greek in Trinity College, Dublin, a trenchant counterblast.

What with the rumoured sale of the Dowlais Ironworks to an American syndicate and the recent candidature of Mr. Guest at Plymouth, the Guest family are occupying a good deal of public attention at the moment. The wealth of Lord Wimborne is almost a proverb in South Wales, and his choice of two blacksmiths as his "supporters" on his elevation to the Peerage proves his just pride in the ironworks whence came his fortune. The Guests have all of them married well—hence the social position they enjoy. A curious tale is told concerning Lady Charlotte Guest, perhaps better known as Lady Charlotte Schreiber, a daughter of the Earl of Lindsey and mother of Lord Wimborne. At one of her dinner parties she overheard a guest at her table make the remark, "He's only a blacksmith." The post had that day brought in the yearly statement of profit upon the Dowlais works. Lady Charlotte quietly handed this across the table to her guest, saying she thought he might be interested in the figures of the blacksmith's shop. It is said that not even in five figures were the year's profits expressed.

Sir Robert Meade in his time occupied many posts, ranging from his first as a junior clerk in the Foreign Office up to the Permanent Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies—the appointment he resigned last year. The son of one Earl and the son-in-law of another, he had every advantage in his favour, and a clever man with half his chances would have greatly distinguished himself in his generation. His promotion through a long series of minor appointments was no more than his social relationships would have led one to expect—but he never did anything to excite either admiration or abuse. He was, in fact, a typical Permanent Official, lacking even sufficient originality to make a mistake.

THE COST AND THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR ARMY.—III.

HERE is the balance-sheet of our military forces, compiled from the current estimates and from the latest published returns:

Regular troops with the colours in	Numbers.	Cost.
Great Britain and Ireland. (Average number during 1896.)		
Great Britain and Channel Islands... 80,567	106,408	£15,015,107
Ireland 25,841		
Army reserve, 1 January, 1897	78,182	772,330
Militia: Number enrolled at date of inspection, 1896, less those absent without leave	110,542	1,641,685
Volunteers: Efficient, 1 November, 1896	229,034	1,027,900
Yeomanry Cavalry: Inspection, 1896, less absent without leave	9,901	115,362
Total troops in United Kingdom	534,067	£18,572,384
Militias of Channel Islands and Colonies	4,861	44,623
British troops in Colonies and Egypt. Average, 1896 ...	38,884	2,545,415

Total Army Estimates, 1897-8 577,812 ... £21,162,422

This "gross estimate" is reduced by the deduction of expected receipts amounting to three millions, which include contributions from Egypt and the Colonies towards the cost of the British troops there maintained, and a contribution of £549,000 from the Indian Government towards the cost of the British Army in the United Kingdom.

It is not difficult to show that there is needless extravagance accompanied by inevitable inefficiency. There are, for example, 560 officers of Engineers for the British service (exclusive of India). This is probably three times the proportion of Engineer officers that any army can with advantage employ at their proper work.

The British army in the lower ranks has much the same proportion of officers as other armies. A battalion of 720 men has 24 officers, about the normal proportion. (A German battalion has 22 officers, but somewhat fewer men in peace than the British battalion is supposed to have.) But as soon as battalions are put together to form larger units the British army multiplies posts. The Germans put three battalions together, call the unit a regiment, and give its commander one assistant; they put two regiments together to form a brigade (six battalions) and give its commander one assistant; they put two brigades together to form a division, and give its commander three assistants. But what is the British system? Four battalions make a brigade, and the brigade commander needs four assistants; two brigades (eight battalions) make a division, and its commander needs 17 assistants. This multiplication of staffs is portentous. Here is a table showing the latest officially authorised staff of a British army corps compared with the staff with which in 1870 the normal German army corps took the field and fought the campaign.

British Army Corps.	German Army Corps.
Staff of Army Corps... 34	Staff of Army Corps... 24
3 divisions (18 each)... 54	2 divisions (4 each) ... 8
6 brigades (5 each) ... 30	4 brigades (2 each) ... 8
118	40

The two army corps represent about the same force; so that the British army needs 10 generals and 108 staff officers to do the work done in Germany by 7 generals and 33 staff officers. I should expect the German generals to be much better served. These are the official figures for the imaginary British army corps in case of mobilisation for home defence. A few figures may illustrate the same point in the peace management of the British army. There are in Great Britain 47 battalions and a corresponding proportion of the other arms, making altogether something under 80,000 men. They are scattered over the eleven districts into which the country is divided, each district having

on an average four or five battalions of infantry, one or two cavalry regiments, and three or four batteries. For this handful of troops each district has a general and twelve staff officers, though each district contains also about half-a-dozen colonels commanding regimental districts, and every battalion or other body of troops has its own commanding officer. The generals' commands in the United Kingdom, including Ireland, cost between them £124,000 a year, though the Aldershot district is the only one containing troops enough to form more than a single brigade. The plan of keeping a number of generals for work that is not generalship is not merely costly and extravagant; it is ruinous to efficiency. A large proportion of these officers are engaged on work that does not prepare them to fight battles or conduct campaigns; they are thus, by no fault of their own, transformed into sham generals.

Every man, horse, and gun in the country is under the command of a series of officers, at the top of which is one of the district generals. All the troops are paid by the army pay department, which is itself paid £84,000 a year for transmitting pay to 106,000 men and 87,000 reservists. Thus every part of the army at home is commanded (several times over) and has all its wants, including pay, attended to by officers and departments kept on purpose. But to manage the whole there is also maintained a central managing office, the War Office, at a cost of £352,000 a year.

The following table, in which officers and non-commissioned officers are excluded from the numbers, but included in the cost, is interesting:—

Number of men in the ranks (average during 1896).				Cost (Estimates, 1897-8, p. 228).
At home.	In Egypt and the Colonies.	Total.		
Cavalry ... 11,661 ...	1,270 ...	12,931 ...	£1,278,055	
Artillery ... 17,021 ...	5,430 ...	22,451 ...	2,072,948	
Engineers ... 5,129 ...	1,645 ...	6,774 ...	832,159	
Infantry ... 68,054 ...	29,095 ...	97,149 ...	6,000,582	

£10,183,744

Thus, while the regular army at home and in the Colonies costs £17,560,529, the personnel of the combatant arms costs only ten-seventeenths of that amount, the remainder being required for subsidiary departments, staff, and general management. The general reader will be surprised at the comparatively small cost in proportion to numbers of the Militia and Volunteers. It is really much smaller than the first of my tables shows, as the following figures prove:—

Numbers.		Cost.
Militia ...	Regulars on the permanent staff: 286 officers and 4252 sergeants, &c. ...	£615,505
	106,004 militia officers and men (paid only during training) ...	1,026,030
	Total ...	£1,641,685
Volunteers ...	Regulars on the permanent staff: 299 officers and 1617 sergeants, &c. ...	£379,560
	229,024 volunteer officers, sergeants, and men (all unpaid) ...	648,340
	Total ...	£1,027,900

Thus, out of the two and a half millions spent upon militia and volunteers, about one million goes for some 600 officers and 6000 sergeants of the regular army, employed as instructors, and by no means overworked.

Compare the tables of numbers and cost given above with the force which the War Office really believes that it has at its command for war. A few years ago the War Office published, under the title "Mobilisation for Home Defence," its scheme for a European war. What became of the 500,000 men shown in the accounts? The Militia and Volunteer garrison artillery disappeared into fortresses, and there remained the Regular Army with the Reserve, twenty-four battalions of Militia, the Volunteer infantry, and a few corps of Volunteer artillery. The War Office counted each volunteer as half a volunteer, thus reducing the available number to 90,000, who were to be stationed in scratch forts along the North Downs and the western frontier of Essex. Out of the army, with its Reserve and the twenty-four Militia battalions, were to be

formed three army corps or nine divisions (97,000 men) to go and fight the enemy if and when the Admiralty should allow him to land. An examination of the arrangements made for the reserve men to join their regiments showed that the War Office did not expect its three army corps to be ready in a fortnight. This scheme was invaluable—to foreign Governments; for it showed them conclusively that in a war with this country they had nothing to fear from the army, and that the only difficulty would be to keep the reserve ships from getting out of Chatham and Portsmouth, in case by any accident they should be ready during the ten days required to bring the Mediterranean Fleet to the help of the Channel Fleet.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

THE FRENCH CLAIMS ON THE UPPER NILE.

ACTING on the belief recently expressed by "Le Temps" that the publication of news regarding the French invasion of the Upper Nile is of more use to England than to France, we published on 4 December an article recording the movements of the four French expeditions up to the end of July. Our statements were either ignored or pooh-poohed until, shortly afterwards, the publication in Brussels of an exaggerated account of a mishap to part of Major Marchand's column called further attention to these expeditions, and provoked some French papers to announce details that rendered continued doubt impossible. After ignoring the French advance, the English press swung over to the other extreme of believing every story the Paris papers chose to circulate, including some expressly invented to delude English opinion. Nevertheless the British press still fails to realise the objects and character of the French advance. Thus the "Times," in a leading article on 6 January, dismisses the matter as the "planting of a handful of white men with a couple of toy steamers on the Upper Nile," and declares that the French mission can "leave no greater permanent impression behind it than an arrow which has been shot through the air." That estimate of the importance to be attached to the French occupation of the Bahr-el-Ghazl province may be mere diplomatic "blague." But if such a view is seriously entertained by responsible people in England, then we are living in a fool's paradise from which there will soon be a very rude awakening. For twelve years the French have been steadily working for the annexation of the Bahr-el-Ghazl to French Central Africa. French Ministries have come and gone, French policy in Europe has undergone striking changes, but there has been no slackening of the French resolve to annex the Bahr-el-Ghazl, or cessation of secret, careful, and skilful preparations. There has been no undue haste. For several years the French were content with strengthening their base of operations on the Mbomu, and with keeping spies in the Nile basin. But as soon as the Anglo-Egyptian army began a serious advance on Khartoum, and the Russians had entered into a sort of religious alliance with the Abyssinians, then the French crossed the Nile-Congo watershed into the territory they had so long watched.

Many English journalists seem to think that the French have put themselves so hopelessly in the wrong by their advance that they will retire, and abandon the fruits of their twelve years' endeavour whenever they are called upon to do so. It may therefore be useful to state briefly the arguments by which the French Government will defend the action of its agents when the British Government calls official attention to the subject.

The view that the French on the Nile are trespassers in British territory is based on the British contention that the whole Nile Valley is either in the Egyptian or British spheres of influence. The latter is supposed to extend for some degrees to the north of the Albert Nyanza, and to include all the territory between the Nile and the French provinces of the Mbomu and Achirmi. The watershed between the Nile on the east, and the Mbomu and Lake Chad on the west, is said to be the western boundary of the British sphere. The most emphatic official statement of the British position was made by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons in March, 1895, in which he declared that if the French crossed into the Bahr-el-Ghazl it would

be an unfriendly act, that it would be so regarded by England, and that this must be perfectly well known to the French Government.

The French, however, have consistently refused to admit the British claim. They deny that England has any rights in the Bahr-el-Ghazl. When England leased that district to King Leopold of Belgium, the French compelled him to repudiate the lease on the ground that they had prior claims. The French case rests on two contentions. Firstly, that there are no rights of sovereignty in Africa unless supported by occupation, and that when the Egyptians withdrew from the Soudan, the Bahr-el-Ghazl became the hinterland of the French provinces of the Mbomu and Lake Chad. The latter contention is based on the view that according to the hinterland doctrine a European protectorate in Africa has the right of access to the adjacent waterways, unless special circumstances render it impossible. Therefore, it is said that just as German South-west Africa has been linked to the Zambesi by the narrow strip of territory along the Chobe river, and as the Cameroons have been continued northward to Lake Chad, so France has a right to a strip of territory from the French Congo to the Nile. Further, the French point out that while they have stations close to the frontier, there is not a single Englishman within 600 miles of Fashoda, or within 500 miles of the Bahr-el-Ghazl.

The French case depends mainly on the point, what constitutes rights of sovereignty in Africa? The French Government is ready to accept the English official statements as to the principles which determine those rights. In 1887 the Portuguese Government submitted to the Cortes a map in which all the Zambesi basin, Nyassaland, and Matabeleland were claimed as Portuguese. The British Government at once issued a most emphatic protest, which was published in 1890 (Parl. Pap. Africa, No. 2, 1890). In that protest England refused to recognise the Portuguese claims to Matabeleland and Nyassaland on the ground "that it has now been admitted in principle by all the parties to the Act of Berlin that a claim of sovereignty in Africa can only be maintained by real occupation of the territory claimed." It further defined a real occupation as one of "sufficient strength to enable [the occupying Power] to maintain order, protect foreigners, and control the natives."

Rhodesia and Nyassaland are to-day British and not Portuguese by virtue of the principles enunciated in that dispatch. The French Government holds in regard to the British claims on the Bahr-el-Ghazl precisely the same view that England took of the Portuguese pretensions to British Central Africa and Rhodesia. The French Government accepts the British position that "a claim of sovereignty in Africa can only be maintained by real occupation." It argues that, therefore, as there is not a single Englishman in the Bahr-el-Ghazl provinces, and as no attempt is made there by England "to maintain order, protect foreigners, and control the natives," France has a perfect right to enter the country and undertake these duties. It holds that what is sauce for the Portuguese gander is sauce for the British goose. If England could seize Rhodesia because the Portuguese had withdrawn their stations and abandoned the region to the natives, then France can occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazl when Egypt had abandoned it. Accordingly the French flag has been hoisted in the Bahr-el-Ghazl and stations built there by M. Liotard. "Le Temps" now quietly assures us that Major Marchand cannot have done anything to which England can object, as he has not yet left territory "over which for many months past we have been exercising our rights of sovereignty." The "Times" may laugh at the French invasion and its toy steamers, and deny that the French can do anything except a little geographical research. But the French will not be persuaded to retire to the Mbomu by academic arguments. That the French have a strong case was practically admitted by Mr. Curzon, who in his last speech taunted the Liberals with having allowed our French rivals to beat us in the race for the possession of the Upper Nile. This admission alone ought to have warned the British Press that the French can urge a plausible defence for their advance.

THE DETERMINATION OF SEX.

THE newspaper world is distracted with one of its periodical scientific excitements. Stop-press telegrams relating to flying squadrons in the Far East or to the latest vagaries of the Imperial William have been jostled by dispatches from the Embryological Institute at Vienna, and Professor Schenk is well on the way to be regarded as the inventor of sex itself. He, poor man, is being waylaid by every reporter in Europe; he is likely to be buried under a shoal of urgent telegrams from expectant mothers all over the world. The good Professor, alarmed at the resounding echoes of his first whispers, is now resolutely silent; the complete results of his investigations, he declares, will be communicated in due course to a scientific society. While we wait for the new conclusions of the Professor, it is worth setting down something of what is already known on the subject of sex determination. More than enough is known to make it plain that the artificial determination of sex, even in the human race, would be no revolutionary advance in science, whatever it might be in society, but merely the extension and special application of recognised principles.

The occurrence of sexual reproduction at all is known to be within the range of artificial interference. In the vast majority of plants, and in many animals, two modes of reproduction occur. In asexual or sexless reproduction, a bud, internal or external, a slip or shoot, a piece large or small of a single parent creature, may grow into a new individual. Sometimes these pieces quickly separate from the parent and at once assume independent existence. Sometimes parents and buds grow into a great compound colony like the branching corals, or forest trees, or the great chains of floating salps. In sexual reproduction, on the other hand, two of the vital units, known to biology as cells, are set free usually from two parents, but always from different organs, and, fusing together, form the germ of the new individual. In most higher animals and plants the sexual mode prevails; indeed, it is highly improbable that any multicellular creature is, like Mr. Wells' strange Martians, altogether free from the disturbing, imperious claims of sex, but very many creatures reproduce by both modes, in regular or varied alternation. Medusæ, for instance, are sexual creatures, but the fertilised eggs which they discharge, in most cases, give rise to a generation lacking sexual organs and reproducing by a kind of budding. Many water-fleas and plant-lice reproduce for a series of generations without the intervention of sex, but at occasional intervals a sexual generation comes into being. Ferns reproduce by sexless microscopic buds, and these buds grow up into minute plants with true sexual organs. The ordinary growth of a flowering plant is sexless; the branches and shoots that come from the parent stem are potential individuals, and as in the case of vines propagated by slips, or potatoes reproduced from pieces of the tuber, a long series of sexless generations may be reared. Some of the shoots, however, bear flowers, and the seeds produced by pollination of the ovary are a generation sprung from a true sexual source.

In these irregular alternations, external conditions appear to be the determining factor, and by the artificial production of the necessary conditions, sexual organs and sexual reproduction may be brought into existence. Speaking generally, both for animals and plants, it may be said that starvation and cold are the deciding factors in producing sex. A typical experiment may be repeated at any time upon *spirogyra*, a green, thread-like water-plant. All through summer, while the water is warm, and when, under the influence of heat and light, the chemical process of food-building is active, *spirogyra* reproduces without sex. As the days shorten and the temperature falls, the budding activity diminishes, until before winter it is replaced by a true sexual process. At any time, however, during summer, the sexual process may be induced artificially by keeping the plant in a vessel placed in the dark and packed in ice. Every horticulturist knows that when flowering plants are placed in too rich a soil, they produce not flowering shoots, but leafy shoots, and a multitude of experiments upon plant-lice and water-fleas give similar results.

Not only sexual reproduction itself, but the determination of individuals as males or females, has been made the object of artificial interference. The much-quoted case of bees is not really pertinent. It has not been shown that the production of drones is influenced by external conditions, while the distinction between "neuters" and females is not really a sexual distinction. A neuter is a female in which the sexual organs have not reached maturity, and while the fact that the kind of food determines the development of a female larva into queen or worker is of the highest interest, it does not bear directly upon the possibility of making a young embryo turn into male or female. Upon this last question, most of the knowledge we possess relates to vertebrate animals, and so is of special human interest.

The anatomical differences between vertebrate males and females are of two kinds. First there are the differences between the actual glands which produce male or female cells, and general bodily differences associated with the functional activity of the essential glands. Secondly, there are the differences between the anatomical structures involved as accessories in the whole process of reproduction. So far as these last are concerned, vertebrate embryos pass through an indeterminate condition; it is only at a comparatively late period of their development that the sexual decision is made for them, and that they assume maleness or femaleness. Indeed, the decision sometimes is delayed until long after the young creature has assumed independent existence, so that an apparent hermaphroditism is a tolerably common phenomenon among all vertebrate animals. There is no difficulty whatever in supposing that some conditions external to the embryo and capable of modification may influence the choice between maleness and femaleness in these accessory parts of the reproductive apparatus.

There is more uncertainty relating to the essential reproductive glands. As a general rule, there is no difficulty in distinguishing under the microscope, at an extremely early stage of embryonic life, between glands which are going to produce egg-cells and glands which are going to produce male cells. Indeed, most embryologists believe, for reasons which would require pages for their exposition, that the sex of a genital gland is predetermined actually in the fertilised egg-cell from which the possessor of the gland sprang. Here there would seem to be no room for the operation of external conditions, and the essential maleness or femaleness of a growing embryo would appear beyond the reach of nostrums. But there is a loophole. In some fish, and possibly in some froglike creatures, a double set of glands exists in the embryo: as development proceeds one set aborts and the surviving set is male or female. There is no theoretical reason against supposing that this primitive, real hermaphroditism extends to more animals than has been supposed, and there are cognate facts in support of the idea that some external conditions may favour the development of the male set: that other conditions make the male set abort and nourish the female. On the whole, then, there is nothing in anatomical knowledge deliberately in opposition to the existence of a really indeterminate sexual condition of vertebrate embryos, and there are some facts in its favour.

Lastly, there is some experimental evidence and a great body of tradition in support of the actual operation of determining conditions external to the embryos. The facts are clearest in the case of food. In the classical case of Yung's tadpoles, feeding with a rich flesh diet resulted in the production of an overwhelming percentage of females; a sparse, vegetarian diet produced a corresponding preponderance of males. In the case of sheep, Giron made experiments, with a similar, although less precise, result, and many breeders hold the opinion that a season with abundant food results in the birth of a higher percentage of ewe-lambs. Attempts have been made by Düsing to show that after plagues and famines, the proportion of male children has been greater; but it is doubtful if a sufficiently wide statistical inquiry has been instituted.

Among animals in a state of nature a numerical proportion is maintained between males and females fairly constant, it is believed, for each species, but differing from species to species. Disturbance of the proportion

by accident, resulting in a preponderance of one sex, is set right by a greater proportion of births of the reduced sex, and the explanation has been suggested that a preponderating sex, on the whole, tends to produce the other sex more numerous. Here again, the beliefs of breeders are strong: when the male balance of a flock is reduced in number or in virility, a preponderance of male births is the result. A multitude of proverbs and of folk-lore sayings, in words too plain for modern use, testifies to the widespread belief that among human beings, too, the weaker parent reproduces his or her own sex.

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

P.S., Thursday morning.—If the interview between Professor Schenk and the London correspondent of the "New York World," as reported in to-day's "Daily Chronicle," be substantially accurate, Professor Schenk is in this matter a grotesque charlatan.—P. C. M.

"AN OLD SOULDIER AND NO SCHOLLER."

IN 1818 Sir Walter Scott received (as Lockhart relates) from his friend Constable a copy of the original edition of the curious work published in 1688 by his namesake and kinsman Captain Walter Scot of Satchells. He was breakfasting when the present was delivered to him. "This is indeed," he exclaimed with delight, "the resurrection of an old ally;" and he proceeded to read aloud the rhymed epistle addressed to his own great-great-grandfather. Immediately after breakfast he took a pen and wrote on the fly-leaf opposite the title-page a whimsical inscription in the ambling doggerel metre affected by the Captain.

The book which Sir Walter so dearly prized bears a quaint title:—

"A True History of several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable name of Scot, in the Shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and others adjacent. Gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Histories, and Traditions of our Fathers. By Captain Walter Scot

An old Souldier, and no Scholler,
And one that can write nane,
But just the letters of his name."

A copy of the very rare *editio princeps* is carefully preserved in the Duke of Buccleuch's library at Dalkeith House, and the Duke has another copy at Bowhill; but the British Museum possesses merely the 1776 reprint. Of late years the book has been twice reissued, but even these copies are hard to meet.

One of the most interesting things in the volume, which is full of interest throughout, is the prose dedicatory epistle "To the Right Honourable and Generous Lord, John Lord Yester, Appeareand Earl of Tweddale; Son to Jean Countess of Tweddale, who was Daughter to that Valiant Lord, Walter Earl of Buckcleugh, Your Honour's worthy Grand-Father." The author there states that his age is seventy-three, and that fifty-seven years have passed since he went in 1629, being not full sixteen years old, under Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, to fight in the Netherlands. He was a gentleman born, a grandson of Sir Robert Scot of Thirlstone, but he came of an impoverished family. His father, Robert Scot of Satchells, who lived in a highland in Esdail-Muir, could get no rent, and was unable to educate his children, his sole source of revenue being "some bestial." Young Walter Scot was put to attend beasts in the field, but "he gave them the short cut at last and left the kine in the corn." Abroad and at home he remained in active service until he was disabled by old age and gout; and then he be-thought him of writing his family history. He had a most retentive memory, and had collected a vast deal of information; but the trouble was that he could neither read nor write, while his means did not permit him to indulge in the luxury of a skilled amanuensis. Robert Burton humorously apologised for the shortcomings of his "Anatomy of Melancholy" on the ground that he could not employ a band of assistants, that he was not like a sea-captain who can call men to his whistle, or lucky as Origen to whom Ambrosius allowed six or seven amanuenses. But Captain Scot was undeniably at a disadvantage. He had to rely on the casual help of schoolboys, and he lived two or three miles from a school. Having no check upon the youngsters he was in a constant state of uneasiness as to whether they were taking his words down accurately; for, as he

plaintively remarks, "I cannot read their hand, and there is none by me that can."

Sir William Fraser, the great authority on the history of the Scotch nobility, warns us (in his elaborate work on "The Scotts of Buccleuch") that the Captain's account of the origin and early generations of the Scott family is to be received with the utmost caution. While serving as a soldier, young Walter Scot became acquainted with a gentleman, Lancelot Scott, who showed him a folio as big as Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and informed him that it was written by Michael Scott the Wizard, adding that

"it was never yet read through
Nor never will, for no man dare it do."

Of course, Walter Scot could not read a line of it; but his friend gave him some of the information which the book contained about the Scotts. The following is the story—which became a popular Border tradition, and is still believed (according to Sir William Fraser) by many of the surname of Scott—of the origin of the name Buccleuch. Two young gentlemen of Galloway, John and Walter Scott, left their native country in consequence of a feud, and wandered to Rankilburn in Ettrick Forest, where they were hospitably entertained by the keeper, who, observing their skill in forestry, took them into his service. As King Kenneth the Third was one day hunting in Ettrick, John Scott joined in the chase near Carra Cross. At Rankilburn the buck, brought to bay, turned on the hounds, whereupon John Scott seized him by the horns,—

"Alive he cast him on his back,
Or any man came there,
And to the Carra Cross did trot,
Against the hill a mile or mair."

The King, to mark his admiration of this deed of daring, made him Ranger of the Forest of Ettrick, and gave him the lands of Buccleuch:—

"And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heugh,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Bucksleugh."

When John told the King he had a brother Wat,—

"Ye are very well met then, said the King;
He shall be English and ye are Scot,
At Bellenden let him remain
Fast by the Forest side."

Sir William Fraser, needless to say, demolishes the legend: he even doubts whether the Wizard's folio ever existed.

Captain Scot was not one of your orderly, methodical chroniclers. His narrative is a rigmarolish, skumble-skamble, rhapsodical performance, fit to pair off with John Dunton's "Don Kainophilus." Sometimes the *furor poeticus* seizes him violently,—

"O for a quill of that Arabian wing
That's hatched in embers of some kindled fire!"

It is not always easy on these occasions to see what he would be at; at times one is tempted to suspect that the young amanuensis got "mixed," or indulged in some rhodomontade on his own account. In his moments of cooler reflection the old soldier confessed that he was overweighted by the burthen of his theme,—

"O know this task is fit for learned men,
For Homer, Ovid, or for Virgil's pen,
Boldly to write true honour's worthiness."

Sometimes, but not often, he finds verse too fatiguing, and stoops to prose,—

"And now my versing muse finds some repose,
And while she sleeps I'll spout a little prose."

On the subject of the exploits of Walter, first Lord Scott of Buccleuch, who with a handful of men stormed Carlisle Castle and rescued Kilmont Willy, the rhyming chronicler has much to say. After repeated summonses the bold Buccleuch came at last to the English Court and confronted Queen Elizabeth. Scot gives a full account of his journey to the metropolis, his reception by the Queen, and of the talk that passed between them. The family tradition runs that, when the Queen demanded of Buccleuch how he dared "to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous," he replied, "What is it that a man dares not do?" and that thereupon the Queen remarked to a lord-in-waiting, "With ten thousand such men our

brother in Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe."

For Walter, first Earl of Buccleuch (1587-1633), under whom he served in the Netherlands, the soldier-poet had unbounded admiration, which he expressed with more fervour than grace,—

"Like Hannibal that noble Earl he stood
To the great effusion of his precious blood. . . .
His honour's praise throughout all nations sprung,
Borne on the wings of Fame that he was Mars's son,
The very son of Mars, which furrowed Neptune's
brow

And over the dangerous deep undauntedly did plow." He declares that Buccleuch took in his train a hundred gentlemen bearing the name of Scott; but Sir William Fraser demurs, alleging that "a surprisingly small number of Scotts"—not more than half a dozen—followed their chief. The Earl went to the Netherlands in 1627, returned in the following year, and went abroad again in 1629. He died in London on 20 November, 1633, and his embalmed corpse was conveyed by sea, with infinite trouble, in tempestuous weather, to Leith, whence it was carried in state through Dalkeith, Lauder, and Melrose to Branxholm, finally arriving at St. Mary's Church, Hawick. The loyal devotion of Sir Patrick Scott, of Thirlestone, who had charge of the body, is thus commemorated,—

"To all ages it should ne'er be forgot
The pains that Patrick Scot of Thirlston took.
Æneas on Anchises he took pains enough,
But Patrick Scot he took more of the Earl of Buccleugh."

The second Earl of Buccleuch, who died young (leaving no sons), was not so famous a warrior as his father,—

"Earl Francis his father Earl Walter did succeed,
Into his earldom but not to his head."

On the subject of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion the chronicler is somewhat reticent, but he expresses real concern that the Duchess tarried so long in England after her husband's execution,—

"In England now the Dutches dwells,
Which to her friends is a cursed fate,
For if they famish, starve, or die,
They cannot have a groat from that estate.
The times of old are quite forgot,
How inferior friends had still relief,
And how the worthiest of the name
Engaged themselves to hold up their chief.
And in requital of their love,
His honour took of them such pain,
They never went unto the law
'Gainst one another at any time;
In whose case or cause soever it was,
Debts, riots, or possessions,
Their chief he was immediate judge,
The lawyers got nought of them."

The Duchess, who afterwards became the patron of the polished Gay, possibly did not estimate the rude old soldier at his proper worth; but his book is treasured to-day not only by Scotts who can claim kinship with his Grace of Buccleuch, but by southerners who seldom cross the Border. A. H. B.

MILLAIS.

NEVER was a man of genius more stupidly complaisant than Millais, less critical, less conscious when he had done well or ill. A hundred have had more taste and intelligence than he, who had no trace of the deeper rebellious inspiration. But few, indeed, have had the genius so indubitably, without at the same time possessing the other gift of wary judgment, to note the success, to repeat and purge it, to build up an art out of the magnificent flings of youthful emotion. With Millais there was a certain growth in width and simplicity of vision, none in certainty or fineness of taste: he ends with less than he had at the beginning. His sense of design is as faulty in later as in earlier work: the landscapes are the readiest examples, and the emotion that gives poignancy to the earlier has disappeared. The strongest painter's talent of our time was at the mercy of any one's orders, and the good fellow that Millais was must paint to please a less and less desirable public. The man remained in many of

his faculties a schoolboy. This, surely, is a truer account than to represent Millais as corrupted by ambition and love of money, and deliberately painting down to the public's taste. That sort of character is a moral fiction. An artist will often overstrain or kill a real talent in the struggle for money, producing tired and hurried work. He does not, in these circumstances, turn to and produce happy, popular work. For a man of Millais' humanity and ability to make money in the arts is not difficult; everything points to his making it with zest and a good conscience. He was as ready as any one for a crusade, as his pre-Raphaelite history proved, but, after listening to Rossetti and painting "Ophelia," he was as ready to listen to the nursery-maid and paint "Bubbles," which perhaps he thought the better of the two. He certainly thought that many a modern illustrator would have made "Phidias and those fellows" sit up, that time would turn crude colour into fine, that he had carried off a "souvenir of Velazquez" as completely as of Mr. Holman Hunt.

The dull side of the easy-going, unstirred Millais may be illustrated from a picture in the Tate Gallery, called "A Knight Errant." Here Millais had set out to paint a nude, and all his wits are occupied in so contriving this nude that it shall be possible to pass her off in a prudish drawing-room. He therefore makes a story that she has been stripped by robbers and tied to a tree, and that a noble knight has arrived to help her into her clothes again. But the difficulties are not over. There is the terrible possibility that the knight may look at her, and that she may catch his errant glance. Tactful solution: She turns her head away to the right, he turns his head away to the left, and he fumbles at the cords with his sword at the great risk of cutting the poor lady instead of her bonds. The painter thought he too had cut his knot. But surely modesty has no business to end just at this point. The painter convenes them of the drawing-room to become spectators of the scene; ought they to be any less scrupulous than the knight, who had some excuse for being there? They, too, for shame's sake, should avert their blushing faces, and turn their backs on the picture. And the artist: he must put his hand over his eye as he paints, and, when he has finished, get behind the canvas. To be exposed naked to a dragon is a fearsome plight for a maiden, to be delivered by a knight a heroic; but that the dragon should be Mrs. Grundy, and swallow both knight and lady is another story. To make the motive of the nude the awkwardness of being undressed is to set up a cancelling process in the mind that must play havoc with the painter's own honest admiration.

The genius of the man seldom eluded all the traps set for it by his common ideas; in one picture, at least, it burned through almost unimpeded. In "Autumn Leaves" he paints like one burdened and possessed. The solemn conflagration over the dark earth, the mystery and passion of the hour took hold upon him. Here is no search for explanatory incident; the figures are present by a lyrical correspondence and necessity, and their occupation, in itself trivial, becomes priest-like and symbolic. Millais attempted the same picture again twice; the "Sir Isumbras" has a finely designed landscape and keeps something in the girl's and knight's face of the gravity and "still motion" he had surprised in his first picture; but the attempt to give greater resonance to the emotion by the furniture of romance in the golden armour and legendary incident disturbs and puzzles rather than intensifies. Still more is this the case in the later "Vale of Rest," where the incidental figures have been sedulously thought out into an illustration of the hour. In this tug at a lazy mind, this bustle of grave-digging, the glamour is broken, and the figures are revealed as little masquerading dolls, children of an illustrator's ingenuity. Those others, *gauches*, unlikely, nameless, were in secret inexplicable collusion with the sources of passion in the scene. I cannot imagine a time when among the pictures of the world the "Autumn Leaves" will cease to count for one that knocks almost intolerably at the heart. "Memories encumbered behind the days of our life . . . the long sunsets long ago, and falling fires on many distant hills," these are its charter. The "Blind Girl" lifting her face to the

point-blank sunlight, and all that patient landscape, has something of the same trouble and inspiration.

Between the "Vale of Rest" and "Knight Errant" lies the work of Millais the illustrator. The poet came to the front again in "St. Agnes' Eve," with its quiet composition of shadows that by a metaphor in space render the hush and expectation of the moment. It is Millais' grandest design. In pictures like the "Huguenot" there is rare aptness and expressiveness of illustration, but no more. The deeper picture-forces do not speak.

But Millais, the portrait-painter, remains to be considered. With the transition to this art comes the break with his old school. When Millais first studied painting, it must have been something of a toss-up into which of two traditions of figure-painting he should throw his talent. On the one hand, Etty had laboured to re-establish the grandest style of painting; on the other hand were the water-colourists and the cartoonists, and Mulready edging away from solid painting into an imitation of the water-colourists with carefully outlined detail and transparent stains on a white ground. The ambitious programme, the novelty of the cartoonists' schemes, must have thrown up a dust of glamour for youthful beginners over the new methods, and obscured the merit of Etty, always disabled by a comic side to his admirable efforts. Watts developed from the base of Etty. Millais seems to have wavered between the two, witness the "Cymon" here, but was swept away, and had to return, after many days, to a tradition more congenial with his vigour of vision. A picture called "The Conjuror" (No. 29) in the exhibition shows how easy it was for him to mimic any manner or accomplishment, and when Mr. Holman Hunt threw the weight of his fanatical ardour into the Mulready scale, it was easy for Millais to paint with the eye of a conscientious insect, as in the portrait of Mr. Wyatt (No. 32). He took on the ideas of the set, and painted the "Carpenter's Shop" like a man under hypnotic suggestion. In the "Ophelia" his eye for grace and sweetness in a woman's figure combined with a red-hot research of detail to produce, by a sort of accident, a picture of uncanny beauty, for we can hardly attribute to design the jewellery of the green weeds and flowers when the trees and bushes are so haphazard. The same method drops on a trivial effect in the portrait of Ruskin. Then came the period of the pictures already spoken of, when he seems to be warmed by his own fire, and his method is strained to breaking-point. With the change of method we find him embarked on the prose of portrait-painting.

In some of those portraits he seems near touching the front rank, but never quite attains. He could infallibly catch his sitter's character, in all the range between the girls in "Hearts are Trumps" and the malign head of an old lady in No. 89. The first of these, counting what it attempts and what it attains, is his masterpiece of portraiture. The scale and emphasis for once are perfect, the grouping a triumph, the shy, young character in the heads absolutely caught and differentiated, and the clear, fair painting only wants simplification and enrichment of substance to challenge Manet's. Manet would have seen what he had done, would have given the final revision and synthesis. Millais does not know that the citadel is ready to surrender at discretion, and turns away for a stroll in the suburbs. "Mrs. Bischoffsheim" almost tops another peak, with "Esther" and "Vanessa" on the way up; "Miss Eveleen Tennant" holds uncertainly the formula of a new style; "Miss A. C. Millais" (160) is, in its slighter fashion, perfect; worthy to hang with Gainsboroughs. Among portraits of men Sir James Paget's is, perhaps, the high-water mark of Millais' art. Character is there, in the sensitively drawn mouth, in the grave, ruminating, inward-looking eyes, in the pose. Standing near and admiring much in the detail, much in the handling and quality of the paint, we might almost persuade ourselves that it is first-rate. But stand back and you see that there is something unlively, wooden in the whole. But this portrait is a masterly work, if not of the first order. It has a dignity and self-containedness wanting to the Gladstone, to the Tennyson, to the Barlow, to name in order of

growing aggressiveness a number of the famous portraits. In them the sense of the right size of things seems wanting, of the right force; robustness of painting is outdone to make up for want of real bigness of vision; scale, force of lights, the true impact of the whole, are all at the same distance from the measure of life. The Beefeater has enough red pigment in his coat to furnish all the National Gallery, and yet the coat is not red; it is colourless compared with the "Mrs. Bischoffsheim."

The same want of the last virtues of judgment, taste, design, are written more glaringly in the later landscapes. Sometimes the object itself, as in the case of the portraits, hides the defect of choice. Thus the two views of the old Scottish house have a simplicity of effect. But the other views are like those of a sportsman strolling the country, admiring the view, and dumping it entire on a canvas. Beside a tender rendering of a snow-covered path, or cold, fresh sky, we find trees inserted whose forms have never given the painter a moment's trouble. Shapes that of old would have had to beg admittance of the painter, and enter on the strictest terms, he passes in without a glance. Hence this man of genius has done more than any other to open the gates to modern vulgarity; not Millais is here only, but a whole Academy. This portrait is a licence given to Mr. Oules, that to Mr. Fildes, that other to Mr. Herkomer. Looking at this landscape, one says, that way lies MacWhirter, and so on through the familiar names. Never, surely, was so great a power in art so uncertainly directed.

D. S. M.

THE COMEDY OF CALF-LOVE.

"A Bachelor's Romance." A new Comedy in Four Acts. By Miss Martha Morton. Globe Theatre, 8 January, 1898.

THE bitterest of prayers is the prayer that our prayers may not be granted; but it has been prayed ever since we discovered that the meanest trick our gods can play us is to take us at our word. This is not altogether because we so seldom know what is good for us: it just as often comes from our not liking what is good for us when we get it. My own case at present is worse even than this. I have unselfishly prayed for something that is good for the theatre; and now that the theatre has got it, it makes life bitter to me. My prayer was that contemporary drama might be brought up to the level of contemporary fiction. I pointed out that even the romances written by governesses and read by parlourmaids were more literate, more decent, more fanciful than the coarse pleasantries and maudlin sentimentalities concocted by obsolete Bohemians for festive undergraduates. Now that the substitution has been effected, I am more than justified; for the change is not only a very manifest improvement, but is much appreciated by the public; yet to say that I enjoy it would be to say the thing that is not. It is not in man's nature to be grateful for negative mercies. When you have the toothache, the one happiness you desire is not to have it: when it is gone, you never dream of including its absence in your assets. Now that the pothouse drama no longer obtrudes its obscene existence on me, I find myself grumbling as much as ever at the deficiencies of the ladylike plays which have supplanted it.

My consolation is that ladylike drama, though it worries me as a critic, reassures me as a human being. The truth is, I am no longer what is invidiously called a young man. Like Mr. Pinero and his Princess, I have turned forty, and am somewhat worn by industry and eld. Yet I find, by the unanimous testimony of the women who, as purveyors of the newest new drama, are breaking down the male monopoly of dramatic authorship in all directions, that the older I get, and the more I wrinkle, and the faster my grey hairs multiply, and the more flabbily my feet shuffle and my ideas fizzle, the more I shall be adored by their sex. I used to think that calf-love—the only love that deserves all the beautiful things the story-books say about the tender passion—was peculiar to the human male, and was, indeed, a mark of his superiority. But I now learn, from the latest fashion in plays, that the modern woman's dream is to be an old man's darling. In "Sweet Nancy," revived last week at the Avenue, there was still one drop of bitterness left for me, since the

hero, though fifty, was military. But in "A Bachelor's Romance," at the Globe, the hero is not only an old fogey, but a literary man, with fads not altogether unlike my own. And the author is no unwomanly Ibsenite, but that womanliest of all women, the American woman. She was born in New York city; she received her education in a public school; and as a girl she contributed poetry and short stories to many magazines. Can anything be more womanly? If "A Bachelor's Romance" were her first play, I might misdoubt me that it was no more than the sowing of her wild oats. But it is not so: Miss Martha Morton has produced at least six plays, all apparently successful, since her "Refugee's Daughter" appeared eight years ago. Therefore I take the Globe play to be the expression of a mature, deliberate, experienced conviction that the most fascinating person in the world is a nice old literary gentleman between forty and sixty. Later on I may perhaps plead for an extension of these limits, encouraged by the fact that Mr. Gladstone was never positively adored until he turned seventy; but for the present I am content to be just such an old dear as Mr. Hare is now impersonating with a success that Don Juan has never attained. And, depend on it, this new dramatic theme will not be confined to one sex. It is in the air. There is a play called "Candida," lately performed in the provinces by the Independent Theatre, in which the hero is under eighteen and the heroine a matron who confesses to "over thirty." Calf-love is the sentiment of the hour.

Miss Morton's success as a playwright is, of course, founded on a clear gift of telling stories and conjuring up imaginary people. But her easy conquest of managerial favour is due to the aptitude with which she sketches congenial and easily acted parts for good actors to fill up, and to that sympathy-catching disposition to be good-natured at all costs, which is so very agreeable to the public just at present. I fancy if Mr. Hare had to choose between playing for nothing in three extra performances of "A Bachelor's Romance" and carrying his portmanteau from Somerset House to the Globe Theatre, he would unhesitatingly submit to the three performances. Yet, easy as his task is, he gets as much applause as if the author were taxing his powers as severely as Ibsen. Mr. Frederick Kerr, too, achieves an impersonation which, to the very colouring of his face and the thinning on the top of his wig, is masterly, at a cost to himself comparable to the lifting of an egg by Sandow. Miss May Harvey, one of the cleverest actresses we have, is almost dangerously underparted, like a heavy charge in a light gun; and Miss Susie Vaughan would be all the better for a little more stuff in her part to steady her. I confess I grudge four such players to a work so far inside their capacity: I had rather see them all groaning under grievous burthens. And yet I do not see how this flimsy, pretty, amusing, rather tender sort of play is to be worked up to concert pitch without better acting than it is artistically worth. Its commercial value, when fine talents are liberally wasted on it, is beyond question; but as it is not my business to judge plays by the standards of the board-room and box-office, I need not deny that there were moments during "A Bachelor's Romance" when the cheapness and spuriousness of the sentiment provoked a spasm of critical indignation in me. For instance, since Mr. Hare has dealt so handsomely with Miss Morton's play, she might surely have provided him with some more subtle, or at least more sensible means of securing the sympathy of the audience than handing sovereigns about to needy people like a Jack Tar in a Surrey-side nautical melodrama. When Miss Susie Vaughan has to show that the crusty old maid, Miss Clementina, has what London beggars call a feeling heart, she must be somewhat incommoded by having no more plausible statement to make on the subject than that when she wakes up in the morning she hears Sylvia singing under her window, and cannot tell which is the girl in the garden and which the lark in the heavens. This, I submit, is not poetry: it is gammon; and it destroys the verisimilitude of an otherwise passable character sketch. The play, in short, needs here and there just a little more sincerity to bring it up at all points even to its own impenitently romantic scale of illusion.

The second rank of the company is nearly as good as an ordinary West End front rank. Mr. Gilbert Hare amuses himself cleverly but nonsensically by playing a very old man, a sort of folly in which his father wasted too much of his prime. I challenge Mr. Gilbert Hare to look at himself in the glass whilst he is doing that dance—"one, two, three: one, two, three"—in the third act, and to say whether any extremity of white wig and painted wrinkles could turn the quicksilver in his legs into chalkstones.

Will Miss Morton and other American authors please note that the art of writing plays without explanatory asides has been brought to perfection here, and that the English high-critical nose is apt to turn up at dramatists who have not mastered it. And will Mr. Hare remonstrate seriously with his musical director for inflicting on an audience which never injured him a so-called "overture" entitled "The Globe," consisting of an irritating string of national anthems, and finally dragging the audience out of their seats with "God save the Queen." It did not inconvenience me personally, because even if I were the most loyal of subjects I should not stand up on my hind legs like a poodle for every person who waved a stick and played a tune at me; but the more compliant people can hardly enjoy being disturbed except on special occasions.

"Sweet Nancy" seemed to me a little stale at the Avenue: Miss Hughes, with all her cleverness, played it on the first night as if she had had enough of it. Miss Thornhill, the lessee, plays Mrs. Huntly, presumably for practice. Miss Lena Ashwell is now the Barbara Gray. In the first act she does one of her wonderful exits, which almost bring the house after her with a rush; but the part is quite beneath her; and I deliberately came away at the end of the second act because I knew she would get round me in the pathetic bit in the third if I waited.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bank Rate remains at 3 per cent. In the Money Market there was a plethora of cash. Short loans were in consequence easily arranged at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whilst the rate of discount for bank paper of three months' date was generally quoted at about $2\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., with $2\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. for that of six months' date.

Despite the settlement, which handicapped new business during the week, there was quite a substantial amount of activity throughout the Stock Markets. Consols receded during the week, but to a very slight extent. Great Centrals supplied interest among Home Rails, which were for the most part quiet. The announcement on Wednesday of a dividend of 2 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary Stock of the Great Central confirmed the forebodings of the pessimists. This is only equal to 1 per cent. on the original Ordinary undivided Stock. The only other element of interest among Home Rails was supplied by Dover A, which at one time rose to over 116, but then receded to a little over 115. The American Railway Market was adversely affected by unfavourable news and a "bear" article, for both of which the "Times" was responsible, but afterwards members looked upon this as very exaggerated, and the market wore a calmer aspect. At the same time, there is no doubt that the Yankee section lacks support. Investors fear another silver scare in November next. Northern Pacifics, both Preference and Common, showed remarkable strength during the early part of the week, though there was something of a relapse on Thursday. Among Foreign Government Securities, Greeks were the feature, with rises of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, on details of the debt settlement scheme. Argentine Descriptions, on the whole, maintained a good tone.

A South African mine which has attracted little attention in the market is the Rietfontein A, a subsidiary company of the New Rietfontein Estate. This mine started work some months ago and has been showing very good results. In September the profits were £11,472, in October £11,020, in November £11,940, and in December £11,767. The Company has an issued capital of £312,500, is free from debt, and has up to the present had only a fifty-stamp mill. The average profit per ton since it started work has been £1 11s. 9d.,

and as ten more stamps have now been erected, besides an increased cyanide plant, a considerable increase in the profits may be expected. We hear, in fact, on the best authority, that the mine is shortly expected to be making £14,000 a month. As the life of the mine is estimated by the manager at seventy years, with a mill of fifty stamps, there is no reason why 100 or 150 stamps should not be run. At the present price of $2\frac{1}{2}$ the shares would seem, therefore, to be exceedingly cheap, for the monthly profits are equivalent to a gross return of more than 40 per cent. on the capital, or 15 per cent. to the investor. It is probable that a dividend will be declared early this year.

More than half the capital of the Rietfontein A Company is held by the new Rietfontein Estate Gold Mines, and it is obviously absurd that the shares of the proprietary Company, which at present stand at under 3, should be quoted at only a trifle over the price of the subsidiary Company's shares. The holding of the Rietfontein Estate in the Rietfontein A represents nearly £2 per share on the former Company's capital of £270,000, and since the parent Company still owns twice as many claims as the Rietfontein A, and has recently started crushing again, it is likely to make big profits this year. At a moderate estimate these will amount to not less than £100,000, and they may be considerably more. The Company should, therefore, be able to pay dividends of at least 35 per cent., and at the present price it will be seen that its shares are much undervalued.

In some quarters disappointment has been expressed at the result of the first crushing of the Nourse Deep, the figures of which have been published during the week. The total output of gold for the six weeks' work is no doubt small, but when the details of the number of tons treated are worked out the result very considerably exceeds the favourable anticipations which were previously held concerning the prospects of the mine. From 17 November to 31 December, with only sixty stamps working, 9428 tons of ore were crushed, yielding 6099 ozs. of gold, or at the rate of rather less than 13 dwts. per ton. The manager's estimate was a yield of only 12 dwts., and when allowance is made for the absorption of gold by the plates at first starting, a yield of at least 14 dwts. per ton may be expected. A fortnight ago in setting forth the prospects of the mine we calculated that at the then price, and with a yield of 12 dwts. per ton, the mine would return to the investor, after allowing for depreciation, capital expenditure, and amortisation of the sum invested, a profit of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. With a yield of 14 dwts. per ton at the present price the profits should be equivalent to about 7 per cent. The directors of the Company would be wise if they decided to run a 200-stamp mill on this property, provided that the development work can be extended with sufficient rapidity. With a 100-stamp mill, the life of the mine is a very long one. With 200 stamps it would probably last more than twenty-one years, and in this case, at the present price, the profits would probably be equivalent to a return of 13 or 14 per cent. on the sum invested.

Last week we referred to the conditions under which the deeper levels in the mines of the Rand will be worked, and pointed out that neither from high temperatures nor from the influx of water were any difficulties to be anticipated in the second-row deep levels like Robinson Deep. In last week's "Economist" there appeared an important letter from Mr. John Hays Hammond, the eminent consulting engineer to the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa. Mr. Hammond's conclusions are similar to our own. He states that the amount of water hoisted from the two shafts of the Robinson Deep, one of which is already down 2500 feet, is quite insignificant, and most of it comes from a depth of less than 250 feet below the surface, whilst as far as the temperature of the deeper levels is concerned, observations have shown that even at a depth of 7000 feet the heat will present no obstacle to mining operations. Mr. Hammond estimates the extra cost of working a second-row deep level as compared with the outcrop mines at not more than 1s. per ton, whilst the

extra cost of shaft-sinking would be covered by a very small extra expense per ton of ore mined. He believes that in the next three or four years a saving of 3s. per ton on working costs will be effected, in addition to the 2s. 6d. per ton which has been economised during the past year. With regard to the value of the ore in the Robinson Deep, he makes the important statement that it compares favourably with that of the ore in the corresponding outcrop mines, the Robinson and the Ferreira, so that the estimate of the prospects of the Robinson Deep we have already placed before our readers is likely to be rather under than above the mark.

Robinson Deep has been the feature of the South African market during the week. It is more than a month ago since we first recommended these shares to the attention of our readers, and in the interval they have risen from 9½ to 11½, an advance of nearly 1½. The shares are still very cheap, however, in view of the prospects of the mine, and we expect to see them go considerably higher as the period when crushing will commence approaches.

The Argentine journals are beginning to estimate the revenue of that country for 1897. Seeing the keen interest that has been shown in Argentine descriptions by a large section of the English and German investing publics, some of the conclusions of our South American contemporaries should prove interesting. The Revenue in Argentina, as is generally known, is divided into two classes, the "Gold" and the "Paper." It is the latter class which, according to South American estimates, will show favourable comparison with 1896. As regards the so-called "gold" revenue of the National Treasury, for the past eleven months the total amounts to \$27,292,000 gold as compared with \$29,313,000 gold for the same period in 1896. The paper revenue for the past eleven months, on the other hand, compares very favourably with that for 1896. The figures are, last year \$47,000,000, and the previous year \$31,731,000.

The decision of the Westralian Government to spend two and a half millions on arranging a constant and adequate water supply for the goldfields has given rise to a good deal of comment. It will be remembered that Sir John Forrest laid special stress on his determination to persevere with this scheme in numerous speeches over here during Jubilee time. But little has been said on the subject of late, and many people thought that the whole idea was exploded. This view was encouraged by the statement that water could be obtained by sinking shafts in most places. But there is little doubt that the Westralian Government is right in its decision. Sir John Forrest and his friends can have no interest beyond the welfare of the country, and the Premier has gone into the matter as a practical man of experience. He has travelled so much over the goldfields, and takes so broad a view of the industry, that his judgment is undoubtedly more reliable than that of the grumblers whose interests are concentrated on one or two properties. It is claimed on behalf of the organizers of the scheme that they have put the shaft idea to a severe practical test in many cases, with unfavourable results.

Curious financial transactions apparently distinguish the management of the Victoria Reef Gold-mine, Limited. The shareholders have received a circular stating that at the adjourned meeting held on 6 January the Chairman explained the present position of the Company's affairs and mentioned that since the issue of the directors' report they had received a letter from Messrs. Prell, Rushall & Co.'s solicitors, objecting to a first charge upon the unpaid calls being created, upon the ground that the unpaid calls formed the only security for the advances their clients had made to the Company.

This at once reveals the fact that the Company's accounts are in something of a muddle; but further perusal of the strange circular arouses even greater astonishment. The Company is badly in want of £2500. If the shareholders will subscribe £1000, the directors will make themselves personally respon-

sible for another £1000. A printed form is enclosed with the circular, which, if filled up, commits the shareholder to a subscription. Was there ever a stranger way of conducting the affairs of a public company?

Shareholders in the Dominion Brewery are scarcely likely to be pleased with the report of the meeting which has been sent to them. The chairman stated that he had the authority of the Court to borrow money to carry on a lawsuit. This is not encouraging, in view of the fact that the debenture interest had been in default for a long period, and the Canadian manager is said to have refused to go on without the necessary cash for the purchase of malt and hops. Shareholders are long-suffering people, but this spirit of enterprise on the part of a company, with preference and debenture interests in arrear, must try the patience of even that lamb-like class. It is not difficult to see where this sort of policy will lead the Company.

Messrs. Spiers & Pond write us stating that Walker & Meimarachie, Limited was not promoted by the exertions of Spiers & Pond nor of Mr. P. Cremieu Javal, that neither they nor their Vice-Chairman are in any way the promoters of that Company, or responsible for the issue of the prospectus, and that there is no foundation for the suggestion that some of the funds of Spiers & Pond, Limited, have been "utilised" or invested in Walker & Meimarachie, Limited. They state that the only arrangement between Spiers & Pond, Limited, and the recent Cairo promotion is simply an ordinary business contract to act as buyers and agents for the Company in England. We shall refer to this matter again next week.

NEW ISSUES, ETC.

THE FIBROUS PETROLEUM AND OIL FUEL COMPANY.

Some practicable method of utilising crude petroleum and the coarser mineral oils for the production of steam power has long been sought after, and liquid petroleum has been tried on steamers and locomotives, though not with complete success. At last, however, in the opinion of experts, the problem has been solved, and the fibrous petroleum fuel manufactured under D'Humy's patents not only enables crude mineral oils to be utilised to almost the full extent of their calorific power, but it also provides an improved means for utilising town refuse without waste of its heat-producing power. As manufactured for ordinary purposes, the fuel consists of peat combined with crude petroleum and refuse under great heat and pressure, and is in the shape of briquettes of a bright black colour, with clean polished surfaces. It can be made either in the form of briquettes or powder, and is said to be quite dry and clean in handling. The advantages claimed for the new fuel are that it has a greater heat-producing power, weight for weight, than the best coal, that it can be used under a boiler or in an ordinary fire-grate, that it produces no clinkers and only a very small amount of ash, that it lights at once, is smokeless and without odour, and is perfectly safe in use. It is easy to see that if the fuel performs all that its inventor claims for it, the field for its use is immense. Especially in men-of-war and torpedo-boats, the greater quantity that can be stowed in the bunkers, the absence of all smoke, and the smaller number of stokers required will, if its qualities as a steam-raiser are proved, give it a monopoly of the whole field, whilst for metallurgical operations and domestic use it is said to be scarcely less valuable. Messrs. Norman, Tate, & Co., the analytical chemists of Liverpool, and Mr. Charles W. Lancaster, the engineering expert of Manchester, speak very highly of the fibrous petroleum fuel, whilst Mr. E. G. Constantine, formerly chief engineer of the Leyland line, and Captain William Waddilove, R.N.R., testify to its advantages for use on board ship. It can be manufactured, according to the estimate of Mr. Charles Lancaster, at from 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per ton, and it is proposed to sell the fuel at the price of 10s. 6d. per ton, which compares favourably with that of coal. There is, therefore, an ample margin for profit, and it is stated that applications for the supply of 200,000 tons

have already been received. The capital of the Company is £250,000. The price to be paid for the patents is £200,000, the vendor taking the largest number of shares allowed by the rules of the Stock Exchange as part payment of the purchase money. This leaves a working capital of £50,000, and since the Company is a parent company, and it is proposed to form subsidiary companies to work the patents in provincial towns, this should be enough. Industrial undertakings connected with petroleum and oil have a way of turning out to be huge successes, and provided the promises of the prospectus are fulfilled the future of this particular company should be assured.

WESTRALIAN TIMBER ENTERPRISE.

The International Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited, ask a purchase price of a quarter of a million for the properties of the Canning Jarrah Timber Company, Limited. This sum is payable as to £110,000 in cash, £83,333 in fully paid shares, and the balance in cash or fully paid shares at the option of the Company. Whether this is a reasonable consideration or not is impossible to say. The prospectus does not contain a complete valuation of assets to be acquired. True it is that there has been an average net profit of over £11,000 during the past three years, but in the matter of valuation the prospectus is inadequate. The share capital of the Company is £250,000 divided into £1 shares, 166,667 of which, together with 75,000 five per cent. First Mortgage debentures of £100 each are offered for subscription at par. The business to be acquired is that carried on by the present Canning Jarrah Timber Company, Limited, and includes concessions to cut wood in the Jarrah Forest, thirty miles of railway, and timber yards, sawmills, &c.

PUBLIC INFORMATION ONLY.

It has long been a puzzle to the level-headed investor why new enterprises which profess independence of the public should spend presumably unnecessary sums in large and glaring advertisements in the public press. The Sons of Gwalia is a striking example of this. The directors point out in the prospectus that as the whole of the working capital has been subscribed, and the vendors are taking all the purchase consideration in shares, the prospectus is advertised "for public information only." This purchase consideration, it is worth pointing out, is no less than a quarter of a million, and the vendors are the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited. It seems that this corporation did well to accept shares. The very day the prospectus was issued, shares were dealt in on the Stock Exchange at 2½. The dealings at this price were chiefly in the morning, when the market first opened, a fact almost unprecedented in the Westralian market. Of course, such a price was due to artificial, rather than natural, causes. In any case, it left the vendors an opportunity of unloading their holdings at a substantial premium, quite unjustified by the prospectus. Despite the report of Messrs. Bewick Moreing, the enterprise must be looked upon as distinctly prospective. The property may possess "great potentialities," but there has not been sufficient development to ensure continued success. A great deal was made of the vendors' virtuous readiness to accept £250,000 purchase consideration in £1 shares, which were immediately negotiable on the market at 2½. The expenditure of large sums in glaring advertisements for "public information only" no doubt assisted to this happy result.

PRINCE'S RESTAURANT.

The directors of the Prince's Hall Restaurant, Limited, offer for subscription 8000 shares of £5 each, at 10s. premium. The Company was incorporated in January 1896, with a share capital of £40,000 in £5 shares, and this issue will increase the capital to £80,000. The object is to extend the premises, and it is stated in the prospectus that the Company has taken from Mr. Benoist, a director, Nos. 37 and 38 Jermyn Street, known as Rawling's Hotel, together with some of the adjoining property. It is intended to demolish these old-fashioned buildings and construct new premises in their place. From 15 May, 1896, to 15 May, 1897, the Company, after

expending a considerable amount on additional plant and stock, and allowing £3128 for depreciation on furniture and plant, made a net profit of £7112, out of which sum they paid a dividend of 10 per cent., wrote £1000 off preliminary expenses, and carried forward £2127. A further interim dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid this month.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

MINES (W. J. H., Hampstead).—You might do better than those you mention.

SONS OF GWALIA (H. J., South Norwood).—We do not advise a purchase at that price.

ARGENTINE, 1886 (South American).—You are wrong. We have not spoken unfavourably of this loan. You had better hold.

GREAT EASTERN SHARES (P. R., Berkeley Street).—We recommend you to hold.

NORTH MOUNT LVELL (Squire).—Yes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Where do you get your information about the Indian Frontier? Your placing the Bunerwal fighting men at 50,000 is quite absurd, and the figures you rely on of the offences committed on the frontier by the border tribes from Hazara to Dira Ismail Khan for twenty-six years from 1849, and quoted by the "Times" in its second article on frontier policy are, I am quite sure, almost equally so. Do you really think that the numerous expeditions that took place were undertaken for that amount of crime? Have you referred to the district officers' reports, with which, no doubt, were sent in lists of the crimes when the expeditions were recommended?

I am sure the figures given by the "Times" cannot be those sent in by district officers. The statistics periodically submitted by them were at the same time, I admit, quite unreliable. A large amount of crime was never reported at all. The Civil officers were overwhelmed with work, and had no time to test the statistics of crime they forwarded with their periodical reports. The ill-paid village watchmen, who were entirely under the orders of the head-man, were not to be depended on. The local police officer was only too glad to show a clean record, and the statistic writer at the head office manipulated the figures much as he liked. No doubt the more serious raids were reported. That the figures of the "Times" in any way show the crime on the border in those times I utterly disbelieve. I was in Civil employ on the frontier; I went there in 1859 and left in 1886; so I know what I am writing about.—Yours faithfully, J.

[The number of Bunerwal fighting men was by a printer's error given as 50,000; it should have been 5000. Thorburn in his "Asiatic Neighbours" puts it as high as 6000.—THE WRITER OF THE PARAGRAPH.]

THE MANAGEMENT OF LANDED ESTATES IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Dudley Place, Paddington,
9 January 1898.

SIR,—In the list of recipients of the New Year's honours I find the name of Rai Bahadur Bipin Krishna Bose, the manager of the Hatwa Raj estates. When I knew this gentleman he was plain Mr. Bipin Bihari Bose, familiarly known by the rayats of the estate as Bipin Babu. But what's in a name? For example, on my return from India many years ago, a gentleman who is now known to fame as Sir Roper Lethbridge, K.C.I.E., used to be plain Ebenezer Lethbridge in his salad days at Oxford. The adoption of euphonious names is a weakness which is shared alike by Bengali Babus, pretty women, and Anglo-Indian wire-pullers.

Having surmounted the difficulty connected with the name of the gentleman who is now known as Rai Bahadur Bipin Krishna Bose, C.I.E., I proceed to discuss the management of the Hatwa estate, the Raja of which died in the autumn of 1896, leaving forty lakhs of rupees in cash and ten lakhs in promissory notes (Rx. 500,000) hoarded away in the treasury of his palace.

With all this hoarded wealth at the command of their landlord, one would imagine that the rayats of the estate should be prosperous and happy. The reverse, however, was the case, and I have a letter-book full of the most piteous appeals which I made to Bipin Babu with the object of ameliorating the condition of the tenants on the Hatwa estate. It is needless to say that my appeals fell on stony ground, and the following copy of a letter, which I addressed to Bipin Babu on 22 February, 1892, will conclusively prove that the lot of even the larger tenants on the estate which he managed was not a happy one:—

"I have been informed by my assistant at Sapaya Factory that a rayat named Bhimal Kurmi of Sullepur Metehenea has absconded. He is one of the largest rayats of the village, with a holding of 27 bighas of land and paying a rental of Rs.86. It is a thousand pities that a man of this class should have to leave his village, and I attribute it to the fact that he is not allowed by the Raja to sell or mortgage his occupancy right in a healthy manner. In going into his case I find that he was only in actual possession of 11 bighas of land. The rest of the holding was in the hands of various mahajans, although Bhimal had to pay the rent. I believe that he owes the Raja Rs.63 as arrears of rent, but this debt alone is not sufficient to make him leave the village. This man is one of my khushki cultivators, and for the three years his indigo account has been as follows:—

In 1889	Rs.71.10
" 1890	Rs.74.5
" 1891	Rs.30.13

"In 1891 he neglected his indigo field, and it had to be tilled by the factory ploughs and workmen. This year we manured two and a half bighas of land for him, and he would have done well in the future if the greater portion of his holding had not been in the hands of mahajans.

"It is with the object of keeping the rayat on his legs that I have introduced these reforms in my system of working; but I want your hearty co-operation in the matter. Besides giving the rayat manure for his land I am prepared to pay his rent at the beginning of the *fasli* (in October), if you will allow ten per cent. off the *jama*. For instance, a rayat owes Rs.100 as rent for the year; and at the beginning of the season I will send you a cheque for Rs.90 if you will grant a receipt for the full amount of one hundred rupees. This arrangement will save you the trouble and bother of farming out your villages to thikadars; and it would keep the rayat on his legs, for if I paid his rent I would take very good care that he redeemed all his fields from the mahajans and ploughed them himself. It is melancholy to think that a man in the position of Bhimal Kurmi should have to abscond from his village like a thief in the night, and I beg of you to give me your hearty co-operation in working out a scheme to improve the condition of the borrowing rayat. The hopelessness of Bhimal's case lay in the fact that he was only in possession of 11 bighas of land while he had to pay the rent of 27 bighas. This is the result of the Raja forbidding the healthy growth of a sound system of borrowing among the tenants of the estate."

Jealousy of the European prevented my Bengali friend from seeing the advantages of the above-mentioned proposal, and poor Bhimal Kurmi never returned to his village. But the Government is just as short-sighted in its management of canals and Court of Wards estates, as the most jealous Babu or old-world Raja. Here is the description of the state of the Saran canals in the famine year of 1896-7, which was given to me by one of my old assistants: "Yes, the canals have all been given up, as they (the Government) could not get the money they wanted out of the planters; and if they even wanted to open them again it would cost a fortune, as they are pretty well silted up, especially at the head-cut at Siswa. You remember all those sisu trees which you planted all along your distributary channels; well, they have all been 'boned' by Hatwa during the Cadastral Survey that has been going on in the district for the last two years. This year the rayats were unable to plant their rice for want of water. There has been no rain to speak of, and all their paddy-fields are high and dry, and the consequence will be that they

will be very hard up . . . It is a great pity that these canals were shut up, as they were a great help both to the rayat and to the factory, especially to Maniara."

The young man who wrote the above lived for ten years on the banks of the Saran canals, so he must know what he is writing about in connexion with irrigation. At the time that he wrote to me he was at home in Yorkshire, hunting regularly three days a week; a fact which shows that ten years' residence in a canal-irrigated district did not affect his health.

The following results, obtained at the Cawnpore Experimental Farm in 1890-1, from the use of indigo refuse as a manure for wheat (as compared to sheep-dung, cow-dung, and other manures), will show the value of the system which I wanted to introduce for the benefit of the rayats on the Hatwa Estate:—

Description of Manure Used.	Price of Manure.	Produce of Grain per Acre in lbs.	Produce of Straw per Acre in lbs.
	Rs. a. p.		
Indigo refuse, 120 maunds; lime, 6 maunds . . .	2 6 0	2904	6454
Sheep - dung, 180 maunds; bone-dust, 4½ maunds	16 1 0	2069	3448
Saltpetre, 3 maunds; superphosphate, 3 maunds . . .	30 0 0	2009	3884
Cow - dung, 180 maunds . . .	5 6 6	1779	2973
Poudrette, 180 maunds . . .	7 3 0	1972	5118
Ashes of 180 maunds of cow-dung . . .	5 6 0	1755	2505

And now the German chemist is threatening to destroy an industry which could be made the nucleus of an improved system of farming in India.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

DONALD N. REID.

CHEMICAL RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burnthwaite, Heaton, near Bolton.

SIR,—Your article in the issue of 8 January, dealing as it does so largely with chemical research and manufacture, gives me an opportunity to put before you a small point of the question which, I know any chemist will agree with me, has never been fully ventilated.

Taking the list of Customs and Excise Duties in "Whitaker" for the present year, out of nineteen headings under which duties are classified, *nine* are duties on important chemicals.

I would specify particularly sulphuric ether, 26s. 2d. per gallon; absolute alcohol, 10s. 10d. per gallon. These chemicals are almost as important as pure water to the chemist, purity being often a "sine qua non." Practically speaking, in Germany excise upon chemicals is unknown, at any rate, never amounts to more than an insignificant tax, instead of four or five hundred per cent. "ad valorem," as in England. And what is the result? We are forced in our laboratories to scrimp and save on account of the impost on the tools of our craft. We are forced to expedients wasteful alike of time and labour that our Continental cousins would call ludicrous. And these duties react upon the prices of dozens of chemicals if manufactured here. If a researcher wants fine chemicals cheap he must often go to the Germans, or their agents here. The British manufacturer cannot possibly compete with their prices. And where one order must be sent, others, though not so forced by prices, will follow for convenience sake.

I have been told the manufacturers should move in the matter; the Chemical Society should move. It is not the wealthy maker of common chemicals sold in bulk, nor the well-to-do F.C.S. in his laboratory, who feels the pinch. It is the young student and the despairing patentee.

Proverbially the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the hardest Minister to squeeze. Is it too much to hope that, with an amateur chemist as Premier, we may see these extortionate taxes on manufacture and research removed?—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM E. MOSS.

THE DETERMINATION OF SEX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—What should we do without our "Daily Chronicle?" In its latest rôle as purveyor of scientific information for the million it surpasses itself, leaving even the glory of its daily achievement in the world of letters behind. Its comment upon the alleged discovery by Professor Schenk of the secret of sex is a masterpiece in the art of how to write upon a subject of which you know absolutely nothing. "There is one very striking analogy from the animal world which we are sure has not yet been adduced in support of Professor Schenk," it says. "When a queen bee dies, or is removed from a hive, the bees select an egg or a grub which would ordinarily have produced a drone or a neuter, and, by feeding it with queen jelly, turn it into a fully developed queen bee." It goes on then to remark upon the "remarkable parallel" between this and the alleged discovery of a dietetic treatment for fixing the sex of children. It so happens that there are a number of remarkable animal parallels to be adduced in support of the theory upon which the Schenk discovery is based; for it is no new theory, and there has been much interesting experiment and recorded observation upon it during recent years. But the parallel of the bee is just the one that does not hold good. The worker bee is not a neuter, but an infertile female that, by special feeding in the early stage, may be dowered with fertility and become a queen. The "Chronicle's" discovery that the male larva, the drone, can be developed into a queen is one worthy to rank side by side with Mark Twain's famous discovery, made by boiling a barometer, that the higher you go up a mountain the lower you get.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

F.

"WOMEN'S TRADE-UNION LEAGUE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 January, 1898.

SIR,—May I venture to thank you for directing the attention of your readers to the last Annual Report of the Women's Trade-Union League? You very justly remark of this Society that "it is a pity that it does not receive more support from the outside." I shall be glad to supply information to such of your readers as may feel any interest in the work of the League.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

MONA WILSON (Sec. W. T. U. L.).

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In a letter printed in your issue of the 18th ultimo, "A Barrister" writes: "Of course he was not flogged for insubordination. No officer, however insubordinate, receives that punishment." These words refer to the case of Major B., and are meaningless unless they imply that privates are sometimes sentenced by Courts Martial to be flogged for insubordination. Now, the powers of a Military Court-martial are limited to those conferred on it by the Army Act (44 & 45 Vict. c. 58). Under it, neither officer nor soldier can be tried on a charge of insubordination or be sentenced to be flogged for any offence whatever.

Again, "A Barrister" writes, in the same letter: "If the former (an officer) thrashes the latter (a private) it seems to be no military offence." But Sec. 37 of the same Act makes such action on the part of an officer a distinct military offence.

These two instances suffice to prove that "A Barrister," when writing to you on military discipline, was absolutely ignorant of the one statute which bears on the subject. And yet he gravely suggests that Courts-martial should have legal assessors.—Yours truly,

M. H.

SIR,—In the merchant service martial law does not prevail. Yet do we hear of insubordination on a Cunarder? Is there any intrinsic difference in the conditions? In both Cunarder and ironclad certain men are engaged at a fixed rate of pay to work their ship, he of the ironclad contracting, in addition, to fight when required. Then the necessity for martial law must arise from this contract to fight. In order to induce an A. B., who joins the service to-day, to obey orders at an engagement in 1907, are you compelled to deny him, during the intervening ten years, the rights of a citizen? And is he the more likely to make a spirited combatant because he knows that an instant's hasty stupidity has caused him to be marked down a bad character, and that when in a few months he leaves the service, that bad character will keep him out of employment?

But without arguing the matter upon humanitarian lines, there is a still more cogent reason for attention. At this moment—and this is a statement which any member of Parliament can prove or disprove by calling for the necessary return—the proportion of seamen rejoining the Service at the expiration of their first term is rapidly decreasing. Many of these, possibly, the Service can well spare. But among the number will be a large proportion of leading seamen and petty officers, men highly qualified often in gunnery and torpedo work, and from a naval point of view the very salt of the earth. They are the men of brains, without whom the ablest commander and the most perfect ironclad are as completely impotent as a watermill without water. They *must* be men of comparatively high mental culture, as a glance at the text-books which have to be mastered will indicate. On board their lives are full of nerve-straining responsibility. A scrap of rust in a gun, the accidental touching of a wrong lever in a barrette, an instant's absence of mind in the magazine or the turret, and a scene of death and devastation may follow. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at that, in these days of nearly perfect freedom, such men should be eager to regain, and eager to prevent their friends from lightly resigning, such blessings of liberty as we possess in exchange for a life which, stripped of its glamour and fascination, is not only a terribly hard one, but is made doubly so by the rigour with which the most trifling offences are punished?—I beg to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

R.

"AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York.

SIR,—In the REVIEW for 4 December was printed a notice of the manual, "Authors and Publishers," recently issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Your reviewer, while making appreciative mention of the general purpose and probable serviceability of the manual, calls its authors to account for making reference to a certain passage from Horace, while "no such passage is to be found in the extant writings of that author." He goes on to say that while such a reference "gives a learned air to the book," it "necessarily impairs its reputation for accuracy."

The passage in question, as paraphrased in the book, is as follows:—

"Horace . . . complained that his publishers, the Sosii, took to themselves the gold produced by his writings, leaving for the author's reward only fame in distant lands and with posterity."

The lines upon which the above citation was based are to be found in the "Ars Poetica," and read as follows:—

"Hic meret æra liber Sosiis, hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum."

Ars. Poet., lines 345, 346.

The writer of our book might also have utilised in this connexion the equally pertinent lines of Martial:—

"Dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus,
Quid prodest? Nescit sacculus ista meus."

Epigrams, Book iii. 11.

I cannot quite see the justification for the assertion of your reviewer that our author had indulged himself in fabricating a fictitious quotation.

Asking for the publication of this word of correction, I am, yours respectfully,

GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

REVIEWS.

PIERRE LOTI'S NEW BOOK.

"Figures et Choses qui passaient." Par Pierre Loti.
Paris: Calmann Lévy.

IT has long been the custom of Pierre Loti to gather together at intervals those short pieces of his prose which have not found their place in any consecutive fiction or record of travel. In the case of most authors, even of the better class, such chips from the workshop would excite but a very languid interest, or might be judged wholly impertinent. All that Loti does, however, on whatever scale, is done with so much care and is so characteristic of him, that his admirers find some of their richest feasts in these his baskets of broken meat. The genuine Lotist is a fanatic, who can give no other reason for the faith that is in him than this, that the mere voice of this particular writer is an irresistible enchantment. It is not the story, or the chain of valuable thoughts, or the important information supplied by Pierre Loti that enthalls his admirers. It is the music of the voice, the incomparable magic of the mode in which the mournful, sensuous, exquisite observations are delivered. He is a *Pied Piper*, and as for his admirers, poor rats, as he pipes, they follow, follow. He who writes these lines is always among the bewitched.

The convinced Lotist, then, will not be discouraged to hear that "*Figures et Choses qui passaient*," which is the twentieth tune (or volume) which this piper has played to us, is made up entirely of bits and airs that seem to have lost their way from other works. On the contrary, it will amuse and stimulate him to notice that "*Passage d'Enfant*" suggests a lost chapter of "*Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*;" that "*Instant de Recueillement*" reads like a rejected preface to the novel called "*Ramuntcho*;" that "*Passage de Sultan*" is a sort of appendix to "*Fantôme d'Orient*;" and that "*Passage de Carmencita*" forms a quite unexpected prelude to "*Le Mariage de Loti*." But this at least may be said, that the "*beau gabier*" of literature, the fantastic and wayward sailor who is so signally unlike the kind of mariner—with a pigtail, and hitching up white ducks, who still continues to be our haunting maritime convention—that the complicated and morbid "*Alcade de la Mer*" who walks so uncompromisingly the quarter-deck of the French Academy, has never published a book which more tyrannically presupposes an acquaintance with all his previous works. But he knows our frailty; and I will make a confession which may go to the heart of other Lotists. There is one piece in "*Figures et Choses*" which certainly ought never to have been written. I hope to screw up my courage, presently, to reprove it by name; it is horrible, unseemly. But I have read every word of it, slowly, with gusto, as we read our Loti, balancing the sentences, drawing the phrases over the palate. It is a vice, this Lotism; and I am not sure that there ought not to be a society to put it down. Yet if I am persuaded to sign a pledge never to read another page of Loti, I know that I shall immediately break it.

Yet Loti does everything which, according to the rules, he should not do. "*Passage d'Enfant*," with which this volume opens, is a study such as no Englishman can conceive himself proposing to write. The author is in Paris, about some official business. He receives a letter and a telegram to say that a little boy of two years old, the child of a pair of his domestic servants at Rochefort, has suddenly died of croup. The resulting emotion is so capricious, so intimate, so poignant, that one would hardly be able to tell it, were it one's own experience, to one's most familiar friend. Pierre Loti tells it to the world in full detail, without concealment of names or places or conditions, and with an absolute perfection of narrative. He weaves it into a sort of diatribe against "the stupid cruelty of death." He flies back to his home, he visits the little newly-made grave, he mingles his tears with those of the child's father, he recalls a score of pretty tricks and babblings. What is so curious is the total lack of reserve, of (we should say) decent proportion or self-command. All these cries and tears, one might exclaim, about the little boy of one's butler! And yet

the whole thing is steeped in that distinguished melancholy beauty which redeems and explains everything.

A large section of this new volume deals with the customs and landscape of that extreme corner of south-western France which the author has made his own during the years in which he has been stationed at the mouth of the Bidassoa. All these studies of the *Eskual-Herria*, the primitive Basque Country, are instinct with the most graceful qualities of Pierre Loti's spirit. He has an exquisite instinct for the preservation of whatever is antique and beautiful, a superstitious conservatism pushed almost to an affectation. As he grows older, this characteristic increases with him. He has become an impassioned admirer of cathedrals; he is moved, almost to an act of worship, by sumptuous and complicated churches; he bows a dubiously adoring knee at Loyola and at Burgos. He is very eager to take part in processions, he is active among crowds of penitents, he omits no item in the sensual parts of ritual, and is swayed almost to intoxication on the ebb and flood of mysterious and archaic incantations. The reader of his "*Jerusalem*" will recall how earnestly and how vainly Pierre Loti sought for a religious idea, or a genuine inspiration of any spiritual kind, among the shrines and waters of Palestine. Once more this unction is denied him. Doomed for ever to deal with the external side of things, the exquisite envelope of life, Loti, as time goes by, seems knocking with a more and more hopeless agitation at the door of the mystical world. But that which is revealed to children will never be exposed to him. It ought to be enough for Loti that he surpasses all the rest of his fellow-men in the perfection of his tactile apparatus. That which is neither to be seen, nor touched, nor smelled, nor heard lies outside his province.

But, within his province, what a magician he is! "*Vacances de Pâques*," apparently a cancelled chapter from "*Le Roman d'un Enfant*," tells us how a certain Easter holiday was spent in Loti's childhood, and how the days flew one after another, in the same cold rain, under the same black sky. The subject, mainly dealing with a neglected *pensum* and the dilatory labours of an idle schoolboy, seems as unpromising as possible, but the author's skill redeems it, and this little essay contains one page on the excessive colour of bright flowers under a grey or broken sky which ranks among the best that he has written. Pierre Loti is always excellent on this subject; one recollects the tiny blossoms that enamelled the floor of his tent in "*Au Maroc*." In the present volume, while he is waiting on the hill-side to join the procession winding far up the Pyrenees to Roncesvaux, he notes the long rosy spindles of the foxgloves, lashed with rain, the laden campanulas, the astonishing and almost grotesque saxifrages torn and ravaged by the hail. And here and there a monotonous flush of red flowers—rosy moss-campions, rosy geraniums, rosy mallows—and from the broken stalks the petals flung in pink ribands across the delicate deep green mosses.

An example of the peculiar subtlety of Loti's symbolism is afforded by the curious little study here called "*Papillon de Mite*." The author, in that corner of his house in Rochefort of which he has often told us, in which all the treasures are stored up that he has brought home from his travels, watches a clothes-moth disengage itself from a splendid Chinese robe of red velvet, and dance in a sunbeam. Rapidly, rapidly, in the delirium of existence, this atom waves its wings of silken dust, describing its little gay, fantastic curves of flight. Loti strikes it carelessly to the ground, and then begins to wonder what it is that it reminds him of. Where had he once seen before in his life something "*papillonnement gris pareil*" which had caused him a like but a less transient melancholy? And he recollects—it was long ago, at Constantinople, on the wooden bridge that connects Stamboul and Pera. A woman who had lost both her legs was begging, while a little, grey, impassive child, with shrivelled hands, lay at her side. Presently the mother called the child to come and have its small burnous put on, when all at once it leaped from her hands and escaped, dancing about in the cold wind, and flapping the sleeves of its burnous like wings. And it was of this poor child, soon exhausted, soon grey and immobile again, but for an instant intoxicated

with the simple ecstasy of existence and motion, that Loti was reminded by the curves and flutterings of the clothes-moth. This is a wonderfully characteristic example of the methods of the author, of his refined sensibility, vivid memory for details, and fondness for poignant and subtle impressions of association.

In "Profanation"—the study which I have dared to speak of with reprobation—I feel sure that he carries too far his theory that we may say anything if only we say it exquisitely enough and in the interests of pity. Loti's ideas of "taste," of reticence, are not ours; he does not address an Anglo-Saxon audience. But the cases in which he offends even against our conventions are very few in "Figures et Choses." I have left myself no space to speak of the vivid pictures of sports among the primeval Basque population—studies, one might conjecture them to be, for the book that afterwards became "Ramuntcho." I can but refer, with strong commendation, to the amazing description of the sacred dance of the Souletins. The last one hundred pages of this enchanting volume are occupied by "Trois Journées de Guerre," an exceedingly minute and picturesque report of the storming of the city of Hué in the Annam War of 1883. Unless I am mistaken, these notes were originally sent home to some Parisian newspaper, where their publication gave great offence at the French Admiralty or War Office. Why it should do so, it is not easy after fifteen years of suppression to conceive. These "Trois Journées de Guerre en Annam" form one of the most admirably solid of all Pierre Loti's minor writings. They ought to be read in conjunction with the book called "Propos d'Exil." EDMUND GOSSE.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON'S POEMS.

"The Coming of Love, and other Poems." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. London: Lane.

EVERY one knows the name of Mr. Watts-Dunton as a critic, but few people know exactly what are the qualities which distinguish his criticism. It seems to be vaguely supposed that he concerns himself chiefly with technical questions, that he is an authority on the form of the sonnet and the metrical construction of the blank-verse line, and that his poetical criticism is almost entirely criticism of form. As a matter of fact, so far from being too much absorbed in the exteriorities, the mechanical construction, of art, he is the only contemporary critic who grapples with its essential problems. In his article on Poetry in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he has attempted a task no doubt impossible; but he has said the only quite satisfactory things on those aspects of his subject on which he touches that have been said by any recent writer on aesthetics. In a too fragmentary article, which still awaits its sequel, he has gone further than any one in finding out the inner secret of Rossetti; the secret, that is, of the most interesting, significant, and mysterious personality which has influenced the literary and pictorial art of our time. His unsigned but easily recognisable critical articles in the "Athenæum," almost never satisfactory as what is commonly called the review of any particular book, are the interrupted confessions of a temperament whose whole activity seems to have passed into a continual brooding over art. They are not literary criticisms, they are meditations, counsels, discourses, upon that which is alone important in literature, that final quality in which it ceases to be "literary," and becomes absolute, a spirit, an essence. That they should be largely concerned with form is inevitable; for the eternal beauty can reveal itself only through form, as the soul can reveal itself only through the body. But here is a critic who will recognise form as the interpretation, not as the message; an interpretation to be most jealously scrutinised, because the message is of infinite importance.

Realising clearly, then, Mr. Watts-Dunton's position, his aim and achievement, as a critic, we need be the less surprised to find that his poetry, whatever it is, is not the verse-writing of the average, or even of the most highly-accomplished, literary critic. The first characteristic which strikes us is its extreme originality. It differs from contemporary poetry, not so much in degree as in kind. The manner is different, certainly; but the whole intention, the choice of subject, the treat-

ment, are themselves different. Take, for instance, the longest poem in the volume, and particularly that section called "The Daughter of the Sunrise." Here is an attempt which, merely as an attempt, stands alone. It is an attempt to write a philosophical poem, dealing with the deepest enigmas of human, indeed of cosmical, destiny, and at the same time to write an almost realistic love-poem about a gipsy girl, who expresses herself in English punctuated by Romany. The audacity of the whole scheme is amazing. To say that it is carried out with entire success would be to say that Mr. Watts-Dunton has done what no poet who ever lived could do. It is an experiment of extraordinary interest, and it is full of beautiful, subtle, at times splendid, writing. What we may call the dialect part of it is so new that it is difficult not to either over-rate or under-rate it, simply because of its novelty. It is strange that no one before Mr. Watts-Dunton should have thought of putting into verse the one kind of poetry which is being lived in our midst in the present day: the wandering lyric of the gipsies. But, though Borrow has not lived in vain, the gipsies are still too near us for the imagination of most poets to be able to see the essential poetry of these "children of the open air," who are our Bedouins. Mr. Watts-Dunton, taught by Borrow, and finding in the gipsies' "dukkeripen" not only fortune-telling but destiny (Borrow having been quite content with the easier meaning), comes to the gipsies, certainly, for their own sake, but even more for the sake of their significance. They are the East in the West, a very ancient people, of unknown origin, still speaking the remains of one of the oldest languages in the world. To be so old, and so mysterious, and so close to nature, and to wander, aliens, leaving their "patteran" over every European soil, is to be something more than merely picturesque vagabonds; and it is this something more which Mr. Watts-Dunton has found in them, and which he indicates, under so many forms, all through his poem. He is not afraid to be colloquial, more colloquial, perhaps, than any English poet has yet ventured to be; as in these lines, for instance, from one of Rhona Boswell's love-letters,—

"This ere come hopen, leaven me the same,
And lykwise all our breed in Gypsy Dell,
Barrin the spotted gry, wot's turned up lame;
A crick have made his orfside fetlock swell."

Now here, certainly, Mr. Watts-Dunton has gone far beyond the licences with the language which even Mr. Kipling has allowed himself; and he has deliberately heightened his own difficulties by writing such lines as these in elaborate stanzas, chained together with many rhymes. To Mr. Watts-Dunton rhyme is obviously not a hindrance, but a help, and it would be wrong, therefore, to say that his own difficulty in writing was heightened by such elaboration. But many rhymes, and an intricate structure, give to most people the impression of labour; and it seems to us that the attempt to combine simplicity of contents and elaboration of form is a needless dividing of a house against itself. But, even after we have made every possible deduction, after we have questioned every questionable element in the whole experiment, there remains this fact: that the entire poem is, in a very emphatic sense, what Rossetti called "amusing," it has imaginative existence, it has its own vital energy, and it contains, besides, a certain number of detachable sonnets, each of which is a definite, finished, absolutely achieved thing.

The sonnet is a form which Mr. Watts-Dunton has made peculiarly his own, and it is in sonnets that he has done most of his finest work. Half-a-dozen of the sonnets in "The Coming of Love," the series called "Prophetic Pictures at Venice," "The Wood-haunter's Dream," "The Three Fausts," for instance, are poems of as new a kind, in a very different way, as the gipsy poems, and they differ from these in not being in any sense experimental. Often as some of them have been imitated, since their first appearance many years ago, they do not show a trace of any contemporary influence. Each contains a single idea or emotion, which seems to be developed as a theme is developed in music, and with the most learned contrapuntal science. But this idea, however abstract it may be, is presented to us only in concrete shape, usually in the shape of a definite picture, or series of pictures.

"Yon moon that mocks me through the uncurtained glass

Recalls that other night, that other moon,—

Two English lovers on a grey lagoon,—

The voices from the lantern'd gondolas,

The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and, soon,

The throbbing stillness: all the heaven that was."

There, in one of the Venetian sonnets, is emotion expressed pictorially, and, in "Natura Maligna" ("Our Lady of the Hills with crimes untold," and "Natura Benigna"—

"Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell

The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes"—

an idea, certainly abstract enough, flashed on the sight in not less pictorial a way. And here, too, in these sonnets, none of which are concerned with vague things, but all precise in outline, hard, jewelled, glittering, we have all the originality, the audacity, which sent this thoughtful writer to Gypsy Dell, to find new pasturage for thought; always new imagery, carefully realised pictures, an equal welcome of the homely and the remote, whether

"Childe Rowland found a Damsel on the Plain,"

or three friends lingered in Oxford

"To see the sun transfigure ere he sets

The boatmen's children shining in the wherry

And on the floating bridge the ply-rope wets,

Making the clumsy craft an angel's ferry."

Mr. Watts-Dunton's volume is too large and too varied for us to be able to touch on more than a few of the many problems which his verse suggests, or to deal adequately with more than one or two of what seems to us his primary qualities. But to its originality, its personal thought, its personal way of making pictures, its elaborate art of verse, we must add another quality, a certain reflective, but very human pathos, seen perhaps at its best in the two Eastern parables called "The Omnipotence of Love," which are certainly, in every way, among the very finest poems in the book.

CLIMBING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

"Rock-climbing in the English Lake District." By Owen Glynn Jones. London: Longmans.

CLIMBING has of late years become a highly technical pursuit, and to invest technical subjects with general interest is admittedly difficult; but Mr. Owen Jones has faced the problem with the same success which has attended his assaults on the sternest of rock-faces and the most sweep-defying chimneys. Experts who have tasted of the joys which he describes will peruse this beautifully illustrated volume with keen appreciation, while the outer public can scarcely fail to catch some of the writer's enthusiasm, and to learn from him much of the true nature of the work done and of the pleasure to be derived from doing it. It is pleasant to note that, while no attempt is made to dazzle the uninitiated with sensational writing, the formidable character of many of the difficulties is not disguised. Indeed, to those who know these climbs it will be clear that some at least ought not to have been undertaken. The solitary ascent of Moss Gill was simply culpable, and very nearly deprived us of this book. Again, what shall we say of a climb of which "the hardest part is so situated that a safe descent from it is well-nigh impossible for the unfortunate leader who finds his strength or skill inadequate to cope with it;" or of another where (p. 181) "a slip of the leader on the awkward part would almost certainly cause the second to be pulled away from his hold?" It is to be feared that too many of these adventures were of the touch-and-go order to which Mr. Jones so neatly adapts the old puzzle,— "Think of a foothold; double it; put your whole weight upon it; take away the hold you thought of; and you will find yourself in a position to repeat the process." Mr. Jones is never at a loss to express himself crisply. Could the narrowness of the ledge on the Napes Needle be brought home to one better than by the remark, "there is a sense of alternate peril and safety in inspiration and expiration?" Mr. Jones is not less successful in plain narrative, and lucidly expounds such complicated matters as the "Stomach Traverse" and the use of the "stirrup-rope." Of the use of the latter he tells a story which hitherto has not been quite

public property. "A famous climber, indeed he was sometime president of the Alpine Club, was coming up that same wall by means of the stirrup-rope, and the zealous operatives above more than responded to his slightest movements. He lifted his foot a few inches, they hauled up the stirrup-rope a few yards; and, anticipating that he might find the alternations a little laborious, proceeded to pull him up by sheer strength. Thus his attached foot appeared first over the edge, and the remainder of his person followed in some confusion."

The present volume naturally owes much to "Climbing in the British Isles," and the later writer speaks of his predecessor's work with the warmest admiration, modestly describing his own book as a sort of supplement to it. It is, however, to be noticed that Mr. Haskett-Smith and Mr. Jones are not always unanimous; for instance, as to the position of the "sheepwalk" on Great Gable (p. 109); the direction from which the Napes Needle was first climbed (p. 157); the use of the term "Broad Stand" (p. 32); the "Nose" of the pillar, and the names "Briggs" (p. 46), "Groves" (p. 246), and "G. Pendlebury" (p. 254), instead of Brigg, Graves, and R. Pendlebury. It is not clear whether any of these changes are deliberate, but in nearly every case we confidently support the older authority. But since Mr. Haskett-Smith wrote, many have run to and fro, and knowledge of climbs has been increased, and by Mr. Jones not least. This new knowledge is now clearly recorded.

It would be unjust to part from this book without a word of special praise for the illustrations. The brothers Abraham, all in the day's professional work, have freely exposed themselves on many a risky rock, and developed climbing powers of no mean order. Those who value a picture mainly for its honesty will be horrified at the view of Mickledoor Ridge, which exhibits a benighted golfer feebly "putting" on the edge of an apparent precipice. But the man who stoops to golf becomes, when upright, a mountaineer, and betrays the shameless "tipping" of the camera. On the other hand, the two views of Kern Knotts, especially the second of them, express with admirable fidelity the very texture of the rock. Several others are almost equally brilliant, and materially enhance the value of the work.

AGGRESSIVE AMERICA.

"The Interest of America in Sea Power." By Captain A. T. Mahan. London: Sampson Low.

IF Captain Mahan's latest work lacks the freshness of the "Influence of Sea Power" and the extraordinary charm and interest of the "Life of Nelson," it has a peculiar value of its own as the expression of the author's mature judgment on questions of American naval policy. Though the various sections of the book have appeared as magazine articles, and will be for this reason known to a good many English readers, an essential unity of thought pervades them all, and this is no mere hodge-podge of disjointed fragments. Captain Mahan preaches to his country the gospel of armaments, the need of aggressiveness, and the danger of a policy which looks only inward and never outward. To justify his teaching, he draws a picture of the near future which will set the votaries of the Peace Societies shuddering.

As to the general necessity of armaments he has little to say which has not already been admirably said in England. Like the authors of "Imperial Defence," he emphasises the fact that there is no greatness of soul in yielding timidly to force, and that there are times when the individual and even the nation may have to choose death rather than dishonour. Captain Mahan, however, has a more difficult task to convince his countrymen of the need of a great navy, for whilst the external dangers which threaten England are manifest to all but the wilfully blind, the dangers which threaten the United States are by no means so obvious. In his attitude to England the author is scrupulously fair and generous. Though he might have served his purpose by harping, after the fashion of Senator Lodge, upon the "menacing strength" of England in American waters—her fortified positions at Halifax, Bermuda, and Esquimaux, and

her contiguity in Canada, he disdains the tricks of the Jingo, recognising that England is of all Powers the least likely to provoke a fresh quarrel when she has already so many enemies. The greater navy which he requires is not to be directed against ourselves. Here, however, he reckons without the opinion of many Americans—and these not all mere mischief-making wind-bags—who hold that *the* enemy is England. He requires of us certain very distinct concessions. We are, for instance, to consent to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and we are to concede the American demands in the Behring Sea. The latter dispute may be said to have been already settled, and most effectually, in a way which cannot offend British *amour propre*, by the legislation prohibiting the importation of seal-skins. As for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, it is not likely that we should give way on a point which so vitally concerns our shipping and trade without a very distinct *quid pro quo*, and this *quid* is not indicated or suggested by Captain Mahan.

A close alliance with England he considers impracticable as yet. The vague philanderings of Mr. Carnegie are dismissed with gentle scorn. If an alliance does come, it must come "rather as a yielding to irresistible popular impulse than as a scheme, however ingeniously wrought, imposed by the adroitness of statesmen." Of this there can be no doubt, but it is eminently foolish for Englishmen to deceive themselves and suppose that such a popular impulse exists on the other side of the Atlantic to-day. There is no very clear sign of it, though grave danger to the mother-country, partition of China by the Continental Powers, or interference with our American food-supply on the high seas might evoke it.

The so-called economists of this country and America are never weary of deploring the "bloated armaments"—to use their own jargon—of civilised Europe. Captain Mahan looks upon these armaments from a very different standpoint. Indeed, he goes so far as to hint that the absence of armaments in America is a sign rather of backwardness in development than of progress in civilisation. He presses the value of armaments for the preservation of internal order and for the moral training which they impart to the citizen. To some extent he overlooks the physical training, which, in an age of congested city life, is surely of no small importance. There are signs that the race is suffering in England from the want of such a healthy and vigorous education of the body as is given to the youth of all Continental nations—to say nothing of the sense of duty to the nation which is taught thereby. Nor again—and the omission is strange—does he dwell upon the teaching of the Civil War in regard to the value of armaments to suppress internal disorder. Professional soldiers, with very rare exceptions, may be trusted to obey the constituted government. The experience of 1861 showed that, if officers may resign, privates will be loyal. If the North had had 10,000 troops of the calibre of Sykes' regulars at Bull Run, this battle would not have been lost, and "on to Richmond" might have been accomplished before the secession was a few months old. A powerful navy would have enabled the North to hold Sumter and the coast-line, and to prevent the importation of the ammunition, arms and artillery which rendered it possible for Johnston and Beauregard to arm the raw Confederate levies. Perhaps Captain Mahan wishes to refrain from touching sores as yet imperfectly closed.

He is profoundly conscious of the dangers which menace civilisation. Within are barbarians, for the Anarchists of Chicago are not forgotten yet, and everywhere there have been mutterings of a Socialist or Anarchist eruption: without are barbarians also. Like Mr. Pearson, Captain Mahan foresees danger to Europe from the Far East. "Our Pacific slope, and the Pacific Colonies of Great Britain, with an instinctive shudder have felt the threat, which able Europeans have seen in the teeming multitudes of Central and Northern Asia." It must be confessed that those who know the East best do not agree with Mr. Pearson and Captain Mahan. The object-lesson of Corea and Formosa proves that Japan finds the greatest difficulty in governing dependencies. Nor does she seem to have the capacity of expansion. Her

population cannot greatly increase at home, for the simple reason that there is not room. The Japanese have not as yet shown any disposition to emigrate in large numbers, nor is there any place for them to emigrate to. As for their military and naval power, they are very perfectly equipped with the instruments of modern war, but their courage and character have not been severely tried. The war with China was no real test. It is in character that they would probably be found wanting—and character, Napoleon has said, is the most important element in generalship. China, again, is a jelly-like, amorphous mass, and can scarcely be dangerous to this or the next generation, even if it be not her fate to be partitioned, as thought the Abbé Huc, General Gordon, and Wingrove Cooke. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the success of Menelik and his savages at Adowa against a miserably-led white force proves that there is some danger, and that near Europe. But Adowa was only another and a larger Isandulana—a temporary set-back, not a decisive event. Menelik is only Tippoosahib with a very thin veneer of Christianity, and, like Tippoosahib, is strong in virtue of secret French support, rather than by reason of his soldiers' valour and discipline.

Immense armaments—the training of every adult male to war—do, indeed, seem the goal of our progress in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, nor is there, we may agree with Captain Mahan, the least probability of a general disarmament in the early twentieth century. If we accept the comfortable doctrine of a benevolent Providence, we shall see, as the aim of this scheme of militarism, the physical welfare of the race, rather than the provision of a bulwark against Asiatic invasion. We shall allow that, conflict being the law of life, and the preservation of the best type the ultimate end, national rivalries and wars have their purpose in weeding out the unfit and improvident, and the races which sacrifice the spiritual to the material.

Captain Mahan does not discuss the views of Continental publicists in his advocacy of a United States' "world-policy." Signor Bonamico has said that the United States will necessarily become an aggressive military Power, and anticipates its eventual solidarity with the Dual Alliance. Whether the forecast be right or wrong, it is at least interesting. He considers the danger to Europe from America as only less than the danger to Europe from Pan Slavism. That the counsels of Captain Mahan are finding acceptance, and that there is a strong tendency in the United States to look outwards, is proved by the annexation of Hawaii, now virtually determined, by the increased sensitiveness to all that happens in the Caribbean, and by the growing strength of the American Navy. The chapters on "American Naval Power" and "Preparedness for Naval War" are to Englishmen the most interesting and useful of the book. The author has much that is of weight to say on the great questions which are troubling English as well as American statesmen; he is always thoughtful, always fair, and always philosophic.

THE "PURGATORIO" OF DANTE.

"Readings in the Purgatorio of Dante, chiefly based on the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola." By the Hon W. W. Vernon. 2 vols. London: Macmillan.

MASTER BENVENUTO of Imola, lawyer and descendant of lawyers, was one of the learned men who illustrated the dawn of the revival of learning in the fourteenth century. Younger by nearly a generation than Petrarch and a good deal junior to Boccaccio, he was an honoured correspondent of the former of those eminent men and an admiring disciple of the latter. By that time indeed Boccaccio had sown his pretty copious crop of wild oats, and was endeavouring—not, it is to be feared, very successfully—to efface the memory of his earlier and more brilliant indiscretions by the extreme decorum of his later works. In Benvenuto, however, he had at least one listener who could take his later manner as seriously as it was meant, and who was sensible to the personal charm which we feel must always have marked the sage of Certaldo even when most conscious of his own reformed character.

"Suavissimus Boccattius," "Vir placidissimus," "Venerabilis præceptor meus," "Vere bucca aurea"—such are some of the epithets lavished on the elder scholar by the affection of the younger. Benvenuto himself does not appear to have had "a past." He was no prig, and could tell a good story as well as another; but he was evidently an orderly and fastidious person to whom laxity of all kinds was distasteful. He fell upon evil times. Even in Dante's days the political condition of Italy, as we know, was not exactly encouraging to any true patriot. Private jealousies and sordid ambitions lay at the bottom of most public controversies; but some flavour of the old heroic age of Barbarossa on one side and the Lombard League on the other may still have lingered. By the latter third of the fourteenth century, however, Italy was fully launched on the downward course which led to Sforzas and Malatestas, Medici and Borgias, and an honest man must have been sore put to it to find any comfort. Our friend Benvenuto, doubtless under the inspiration of Boccaccio, seems to have found it in the study of Dante, already become a classic. He lectured on him at Bologna, and presumably from the matter of his lectures composed an extensive commentary, which from its very bulk remained for many centuries almost unknown. Here and there the owner of a manuscript pillaged it for his own notes; but so forgotten was it generally that when in 1477 Vindelin of Spire published his edition, with a comment by a totally different hand, the mention of Benvenuto in a sonnet which forms the "colophon" to the edition was enough to make people attribute the comment to him, and as his it passed until, somewhat late in the day, the Cruscan Academicians discovered the mistake. The learned Muratori, indeed, had published copious extracts illustrative of Italian history; but few people read Muratori, and none, it may be supposed, were at the pains of referring to the MSS. Of these several were preserved in various libraries; but no publisher was prepared to take the risk of printing so voluminous a work, and even the energy of the late Lord Vernon, which made so many of the old commentaries accessible to the student, seems to have failed before the task. It was, however, undertaken by his son, with no less filial piety than public spirit. Aided by the late Sir James Lacaita, Mr. Vernon ten years ago gave the entire Commentary to the world in five stately volumes, of over 500 pages each; and a delightful repertory of mediæval wit, wisdom and sentimentousness it proved to be, besides being by far the most intelligent of all the commentaries on Dante which the age succeeding his own produced. But even with the comparative facilities of modern type, it could hardly be expected that many readers, even among professed students of Dante, would have the courage, let alone the time, to tackle so vast a mass of lore. Moreover, contrary to the example of his master Boccaccio, and indeed of most early commentators, Benvenuto wrote in Latin, and, to make matters worse, in mediæval Latin. Mr. Vernon accordingly added to his first benevolence the second, of picking and choosing such extracts as students would be most likely to find helpful. Very wisely he began with the "Purgatory," the portion to which, as the late Dean Church said in the charming Introduction prefixed to the work, readers of our day are likely to be more drawn. He has since treated the "Inferno" in the same way; and now the first edition of the "Purgatory" is exhausted, and he has produced what is practically a new work.

Mr. Vernon's method is based on Benvenuto's own. That is, he takes a stretch of text, translates it, and then expounds, usually adopting Benvenuto's own comment. Quotations from other commentators, ancient and modern, as well as illustrations from literature in general, are for the most part relegated to notes. Here Mr. Vernon has perhaps been a little too indiscriminate as well as too copious. In the case at any rate of easily accessible authors, references which the student has to look out are surely as a rule better than quotations. Now and then a very striking parallel may be given; but at least it can hardly be necessary to set down in full, passages which can be read with the trouble of turning over a few pages. And under no possible circumstances, we take it, can any one care to

know—we select the instance quite at random—that "Tommaseo remarks that the artificer loves the children of his thoughts and lives in them." Indeed, most of the citations, and they are many, of this ingenious writer, might be omitted without any serious detriment to the value of the work. And the same may be said of the other modern Italian commentators to whom Mr. Vernon, if we may venture to say so, seems to pay somewhat exaggerated deference. What, for example, is any student profited by being informed, *à propos* of the name Lericci, that "Poletto observes that Professor Zolese [whom, by the way, he only quotes at second-hand] claims to have discovered the origin of the name," which turns out to be a statement, unsupported by any evidence, to the effect that "the Romans" built a temple at this place to Venus, "perhaps an imitation of the one they had dedicated to her on Mount Eryx in Sicily," whence *l'Erice, Lericce, Lericci*. As to the Professor's claims to "discovery," we can only say that a very similar derivation of the name is to be found in that instructive work "A Classical Tour," by the late Rev. J. C. Eustace, published in 1812; and with regard to the fact, a single quotation from a "Roman" author in which an Eryx on the Gulf of Spezia is mentioned would be worth more than the dozen lines occupied by Poletto's quotation (from Ferrazzi) of Zolese. Pliny, at any rate, knew nothing of the name. The truth is that scholarship, as we in England understand it, is evidently sadly to seek in Dante's own country. "One shot is good until another is made" seems to be the prevalent doctrine, if we may judge from that voluminous organ, the "Giornale Dantesco."

We could wish that Mr. Vernon had relied, next to Benvenuto, chiefly on his own resources. When he does so, his intimate knowledge of Italian serves him in good stead. We would instance an excellent note on the use of the word *stare*, in reply to an incautious critic who took him to task for not rendering it "to stand up." Of course there are many little points of reading or interpretation where a reader, if at all acquainted with the subject, will think he knows a more excellent way. One of the great charms of Dante to the rightly constituted mind is to be found in the inexhaustible opportunities which he offers for what may be called the sporting side of study. You come upon an obscure phrase or allusion; it haunts you in all your reading; to borrow a metaphor of his own, you are on the scent of it everywhere, and never run it to earth. Each man, of course, thinks he has hit off the best line, where the scent is strongest. But the ordinary student, who wants a good safe line to follow, and does not feel any call to work one out for himself, cannot do better than hearken to Mr. Vernon.

THE AGE OF TENNYSON.

"The Age of Tennyson." By Hugh Walker, M.A. London: Bell.

THIS is one of the instalments of the series of hand-books on Epochs of English Literature designed by Professor Hales and for which he is responsible as general editor. We have great respect for Professor Hales, but we have grave doubts whether such a series can answer any very useful purpose. History lends itself much more practically to this treatment than literature. In history mere facts and details easily fall into their places as illustrations of principles and tendencies, and may be arranged in due subordination as component portions of a comprehensive picture. Neither events nor individuals can possibly be isolated or present themselves in independent singleness. It is only unskilful treatment that resolves the wood into trees. But this is not the case with literature. It is on the one hand a vast aggregate of distinct personalities, which is its biographical side, and of the expression of those personalities, which is its productive side, and it is a task requiring the exactest knowledge and the nicest discrimination to determine the relative importance of each. But if this task is a difficult one, another is involved difficult almost to impossibility; for the history of Literature has another aspect, and that is, while giving an adequate account of these particulars to present what is in truth all-important, a

general and comprehensive picture of the epoch under consideration, of its essential and distinctive characteristics as a whole, of its relation to what preceded and what follows, of its tendencies, and of the historical conditions which determined all these. An excellent book might be written which should confine itself to a general survey; a useful book might be compiled on the principle of a descriptive catalogue; but compromise between the two cannot fail to be in the highest degree unsatisfactory. It may leave such a book readable, but it can hardly be a book to satisfy serious readers, and as an educational manual, it can scarcely lead to anything but confusion and smattering.

If any proof were needed of this it would be afforded by the volume before us. With the exception of certain strange infirmities of critical judgment, Professor Walker has, on the whole, performed his difficult task as well perhaps as it could be performed. In 277 small octavo pages he gives us a history of English literature, including science and philosophy, between 1830 and 1870. He would, we think, have done well to omit science and philosophy, for he neither has done nor possibly could do justice to either on a scale which leaves him three pages to deal with Herbert Spencer, one to deal with Lyell, and a few lines to deal with Huxley, Wallace, and Owen, and about forty pages to deal with the whole of both subjects.

The title of the book is unfortunate. The period covered by Professor Walker has no more title to be called "The Age of Tennyson" than to be called the Age of Browning, or of Carlyle, or of Ruskin. It is, we presume, to justify this that Tennyson is described as "partly making the age." We owe Tennyson an immense debt, but this was no portion of it. Tennyson was not a moulding power; Tennyson gave consummate lyrical expression to what he shared in common with the average refined, thoughtful, and cultivated Englishman of his time; his work was purely reflective and interpretive. The distinctive feature of the age in which he lived and in which we now live is its extraordinary complexity, and it is little short of absurdity to name it from any single man. The account given of Browning and his writings—here we suppose requirements of space are responsible—is most inadequate and unsatisfactory, and when Professor Walker tells us that Mrs. Browning's influence upon her husband was remarkably slight, we entirely disagree with him. That Browning became the earnest apologist for Christianity, and that he laid so much stress on its central teachings, was probably almost wholly owing to her influence. The portentous assertion that Edward Fitzgerald was "one of the greatest poets of the age" seems to indicate that Professor Walker's critical criteria of poetic excellence might with advantage be reconsidered. It required very much more than Fitzgerald's superb single achievement, with its intense suffusion of thought and passion and its exquisite felicity of expression, to place him in that position. Of Professor Walker's treatment of the minor poets we will only say that if a place was found for Ebenezer Jones a place ought to have been found for Arthur O'Shaughnessy, whose contributions to lyric poetry were far more memorable than those of very many of the poets who are honoured with notices.

On the whole Professor Walker succeeds better with the prose writers than he does with the poets. His accounts of Macaulay, of Carlyle, of Cardinal Newman, of Ruskin, and of Froude, though necessarily somewhat superficial, seem to us sound and discriminating. To say, however, of Cardinal Newman that "he turned back upon the dead old world a conspicuous though personally blameless and most attractive specimen of the class of those who sink 'from the van and the freemen,' back 'to the rear and the slaves'" is to say, what exoterically speaking is so self-evident as not to be worth saying at all, and what esoterically speaking is quite false.

PIONEER WOMEN IN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

"Pioneer Women in Victoria's Reign." By Edwin A. Pratt. London: Newnes.

MR. EDWIN A. PRATT'S small volume of short histories of a "Great Movement" leaves one wishing that so interesting a subject could have been dealt

with on a more adequate and scientific scale. As it is, the "Short Histories" of Employments for Women, Nursing, Education, &c., which are told in successive chapters are somewhat of the nature of Sunday-school Readings, and are quite disconnected. One phase of recent development, the Industrial Revolution among Women, which one would have thought could not have escaped attention in a review of this kind, is not even cursorily dealt with. The enormous increase in the employment of women in trades, consequent upon the substitution of machinery in processes of manufacture previously carried on by hand labour, and the subsequent organization of women into Trades Unions, are both very striking features of nineteenth-century development. But in spite of their vast economic and social importance they find no mention here.

Under the heading "Employment for Women" only those occupations resorted to by lower and upper middle-class women are touched upon. Fifty years ago the only profession open to women of these classes was that of a governess, a sufficiently thankless task at all times, and one for which they were then peculiarly unfitted, having had no education themselves. But, as Mr. Pratt points out, whereas the domestic industries of spinning and weaving had formerly given the unmarried women of a family ample employment, changing social conditions and the invention of labour-saving appliances deprived them of these home occupations, and they were compelled to look elsewhere for a means of livelihood. It was Harriet Martineau who first drew public attention in 1859 to the existing state of things. "The era of female industrialism," she wrote in the "Edinburgh Review," "has set in indisputably and irreversibly." But the middle-class women who had no independent means were in the position of the Unjust Steward. They could not work for lack of the most rudimentary training or education. There were, for instance, only 1742 women employed as shop-assistants among a total of 29,000 shopkeepers, and in one case, where women were introduced, customers refused to be served by them, so greatly did they distrust the competency of their own sex.

One of Miss Martineau's readers, Miss Jessie Boucherett, set to work to mitigate the evil by giving women who had to earn their own living the means of obtaining some kind of technical training, and in 1859 the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women was formed for teaching book-keeping and law-copying, &c. The work done by this society was good and useful, and it paved the way for the organized technical training for girls now provided by the Board schools, Polytechnics and County Councils, which have taken over the original society's functions. About the same time that technical training was instituted the movement for the Higher Education of Women was set on foot—a work with which the name of Miss Frances Buss must always be honourably associated. The North London Collegiate School of which she was Head Mistress served as the model for the Girls' Public Day School Company's schools. We cannot however agree with Mr. Pratt, who seems to think that the ideal of feminine education has herein been reached. There exists in High Schools too strong a tendency to cram the pupils, too lively an eagerness to secure to the shareholders their five per cent. at the expense of seriously over-working and under-paying the mistresses.

Though Mr. Pratt quotes figures showing the great advance of women in all professions, he hugs the pleasant fallacy that they are not thereby displacing men, adducing somewhat contradictory statistics in support of his position. He has however collected a certain amount of useful information for those undertaking a more complete and extensive survey of the question.

"THE EERIE BOOK."

"The Eerie Book." Edited by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by W. B. Macdougall. London: Shiells.

MISS ARMOUR has selected sixteen powerfully "creepy" stories in order that Mr. Macdougall may have a field in which to exercise the ghostliness of his invention. Many of the stories are well-known classics or semi-classics of the *macabre* character which

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distinguishes the school of Edgar Allen Poe. The book's title tells us what to expect, and we have no fault to find with the selection. But it is evident that Mr. Macdougall's work is the occasion of the volume; and that all the methods of handling which he has so far been able to master are here exposed for criticism. Here, then, is an artist who believes in beauty of formal line and arrangement of solid mass, who bases himself in fact on "the Beardsley period," but has not as yet attained performance under any of his self-imposed limitations. For impressiveness or balance of mass, for grace or vitality of curve he has acquired no subtle sensitiveness of feeling whatever. Apparently he has not learned that behind the ugly and bizarre qualities of the art on which he seeks to model his own is an acutely disciplined sense of beauty, a beauty which, especially in Mr. Beardsley's case, justifies the application to it of Browning's apostrophe, "How free, how fine, to fear, almost—of the limit line." In Mr. Macdougall's work there is no beauty of "limit-line," nor does a certain clumsy and mysterious uncouthness give any imaginative quality; though possibly some admirers of his work will think so. Our chief complaint against it, in its present immature stage, is that it seems so aboundingly satisfied to go through life halt and maimed: could we see in it any of the "fear and trembling" which Blake thought so necessary to excellence in draughtsmanship, we should have kinder words to say about it. It is quite recognisable that Mr. Macdougall may fear that too much "slickness" (as artists use the term) would take from his work what quality it has secured: so it might. But there is a technical excellence to be acquired which is not in the least "slick;" and it is an excellence which is acquired by all real masters of their craft.

BURNS FROM HEAVEN.

"Burns from Heaven." With other Poems. By Hamish Hendry. Glasgow: Bryce.

The poem which gives this volume its curious title is originally conceived and not without humour. Burns, pining for a breath of his native air, steps out of the skiey canvas, and reviews his place on earth. There is pathos and laughter in the situation, told to us as if from the poet's own mouth, and in the metre that knows him so well,—

"For Heaven is guid, but Scotland's best!
Sae when they gie the herps a rest
I tak' a frien'ly quiet request
To Peter Doot;
An' he, guid man, swears at the hest,—
But lets me oot!

"Behind me clicks the gowden yett;
An' faith! the psalms I sune forget
As doon the road I skelp sherp-set,
Past star and planet,
Wi' thochts o' hame that bizz red-het
Aneath my bannet!

"An' when I stap oot ower the cluds,—
There's Scotland yet! The birlin' fluds;
The broomy braes; the whusslin' wuds,
Gowans the same!
God! but my heart starts aff in thuds
To ken I'm hame!"

It is one of Burns's chief moral merits that he has had such a humanising influence on the religion of his native country, and Mr. Hendry's poem is an example in point. His other poems, if they contain little that is strong, achieve now and then a touch of real tenderness; and in more than one line we find a flash of imaginative poetry. The author is describing the passage on a Scotch lake of a funeral-boat bearing the body of a young girl. To onlookers, so brought face to face with the contradictions of life, comes the "*petite mort*;" Mr. Hendry gives it directness:—

"The steamship throbs,
The boat goes on the whitened waves;
While strong men here choke down their sobs,
And see the grass on far-off graves."

Here, in this last phrase, is the force and imaginative discovery at which true poetry would for ever be aiming. All through Mr. Hendry's verse there is much that may

charm an alert and sensitive ear, and there is nothing that any one need dislike.

MR. WELLS' CONFESSIONS.

"Certain Personal Matters." By H. G. Wells. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

HAPPY is the author whose public demands the re-dishing of his journalism. The envious critic has always a ready word of reproof for a practice which no amount of success will induce the popular author to forego. There is no particular reason why he should do so. We pay a great deal too little nowadays for books of a real literary value; and it is well for us to have, now and then, a chance of recovering our honesty by paying for a book just what it is worth. Mr. Wells' collection of essays is a very pleasant money's worth, full of wit and humour, which lie lightly on the reader's mind: just the sort of small-talk one may be glad to get from one's favourite author of things horrible, before committing oneself to another scientific plunge with him into the blood-curdling regions of present, past, or future. It is interesting to see that Mr. Wells had the temerity to expose the germ of a few of his stories beforehand, in some of these journalistic essays, and to risk having his ideas snapped off him by an altruistic author on the prowl for provender. Perhaps he threw them out as a trap or a challenge. In any case, it is a relief to be allowed to study the root-idea of "The War of the Worlds," as one can here, with a mind not wholly incapacitated by terror. Perhaps the most amusing essay in the book is that on "The Literary Regimen," in which Mr. Wells gives advice on the subject of "food for authors." "A light and humorous style," says he, "is best attained by soda-water and dry biscuits, following *café-noir*. The soda-water may be either Scotch or Irish as the taste inclines." He adds, as a general rule, that "all people fed mainly on scones become clever." In these items appearances suggest that we have revealed to us Mr. Wells' complete dietary.

THE CONGO ARABS.

"The Fall of the Congo Arabs." By Sidney Langford Hinde. London: Methuen.

THE gist of this book is already familiar to those of us who attended the British Association at Ipswich two years ago, but those who care to study their Africa with some minuteness will be glad of Mr. Hinde's facts in permanent form. He is particularly interesting in his descriptions of the nomad dwarfs and of the amenities of cannibals, whom he describes with the cold-blooded vigour of a military adventurer. His style is somewhat suggestive of revolver-shots, and we feel ourselves in an atmosphere of battle, murder and sudden death. To be candid, Mr. Hinde does not ply his pen as well as he evidently does his sword, but he is always entertaining. The account of Tippu Tib is sprightly and full of suggestion for any worn-out novelist in search of a hero. If only a more detailed account of the great slave-raider's son, Sefu, had also been given, the picture would have been quite complete. Mr. Hinde has many incidental touches of interest, but they leave a sense of irritation behind them. There is a witch-doctor, who calmly told our very common-sense author that "he changed himself into a duck whenever he wanted to cross a river," and we cannot help resenting the brutal announcement which follows: "This man was afterwards caught in our camp and shot as a spy." A less commonplace soldier would have spared this charming original. There is a careful description of a tropical forest, but it depresses us and emphasises our conviction that the man of action has had all his finer feelings rubbed off. His testimony to the influence of the Mohammedan religion as an incentive to valour is striking, as is also his exposition of its limitations. Its teaching, he tells us, "does not allow that a man whose body has been mutilated can enter into the highest heaven, where only perfect men are admitted. As a consequence of this belief, the white Arabs and other faithful followers of Islam" would fly from reputed cannibals "with all possible speed—not so much in order to save their lives as through fear lest their carcasses, in the event of their falling, should be torn to pieces."

FICTION.

"The Gadfly." By E. L. Voynich. London: Heinemann.

THE Gadfly "is, within limits, an achievement; for, although the hero remains incomprehensible, we are quite persuaded that he did act and feel as Mrs. Voynich represents. The strange man felt in such-and-such a manner about his life, and he acted accordingly—so much is certain; but how a man could feel so is a puzzle that lies beyond us, a puzzle that the author, properly perhaps, does not struggle overmuch to elucidate. The impression left by the picture of the Gadfly—a truth that is yet not satisfying—would be accounted for if he were not a creation of the author's imagination, but rather a historical figure whose records caught her fancy sufficiently to enable her to present a vivid enigma. "I am offering you," Mrs. Voynich might say, "a show that will rouse your wonder, your pity; be satisfied with that, and do not seek for the inner, the moral, satisfaction that comes from the spectacle of an ordinary, a typical, a comprehensible man. Fortune treated this man with such a rare cruelty as must, in itself, elude our complete sympathy; moreover, to make matters worse, she had a rare subject for her hideous blows, a man fantastically sensitive. The initial wrongs done him might have been light to another, to him they were desperate, and Fortune was ready to drive in the memory with a heavy hand. He treats those whom he loves with a cruelty beyond the range of the man with human weaknesses who easily slips into a middle course. He is *intransigent* as only the gentle can be; unforgiving with an endurance that only belongs to one in whom such strong affection is at war with the ever-present memory of such suffering. The story of the Gadfly is not the story of all the world, and you must allow its strangeness to stand as a merit." With a certain effort we might almost bring ourselves to bow to this contention. Truly the show is pitiable; but its pitableness stops short of being heartrending—our pity is, indeed, a little cold. And an ineradicable bias in favour of the wholly comprehensible leaves us still, after an interval, with a preference for some of the revolutionary background against which the personal drama plays itself out—"the world of Grassini and Galli, of ciphering and pamphleteering, of party squabbles between comrades and dreary intrigues among Austrian spies—of the old revolutionary mill-round that maketh the heart sick."

"A Sweet Sinner." By Hume Nisbet. London: White.

This book deserves notice for its success in soaring to the extreme heights of vulgarity and silliness. The "Sweet Sinner" is anything but sweet, and the author's admiration for her can only be explained by the barbarism which his style exhibits. Her breath recalled "the fumes of fresh milk," and must have intoxicated the burglars on whom she squandered her kisses. We are not concerned with the fact that she paid visits to her music-master late at night in his rooms except to admire the ingenuousness of the author, who declares that, as she was accompanied by her maid, "therefore the visit was beyond suspicion." The description of this precious heroine is worth quoting as a warning to other amateur scribblers. "Her face was a pure oval, exact in its measurements according to the proportions of the classic beauty of Clyte . . . her lips were moistly carmine, her laugh was clear as water gurgling into crystal . . . her hair, of which she had a lavish supply"—"supply" is good—"was purely black . . . she was simply an adorable and radiant piece of perfection, from the shell-like ears to the slender and finely arched foot. A maiden, so childlike in size that an ordinary strong man might have lifted and carried her easily, yet so womanly in spite of her childish manners, that the boldest might have paused before he took such a liberty. . . . Sarcasm, wit or cleverness would have been out of place with such a combination of personal charms; therefore, if she possessed these qualities she never exhibited them." And the other characters are like unto her.

The hero is in love with the Sweet Sinner, and when she gives him encouragement he has to stagger

to a sideboard and bathe his forehead with water. Every dull person the author can conceive is described with abominable minuteness from his false teeth to the buttons on his boots. Perhaps the most astounding and characteristic piece of impertinence is, however, the description of "a dinner at Abbey Lodge." Mr. George Keath's "sherry, claret and port were the best his wine-merchant could furnish . . . the host did not indulge largely at the table, but partook sparingly of the dishes; half a glass of sherry with his soup, a glass of claret with his meat, one cigar and a glass of whisky-and-water afterwards. He was a man of method and never exceeded his rule. . . . But the lean and flexible-figured Otto Hardtmann did full justice to what was set before him. With his soup he swallowed several glasses of sherry; indeed, as the servant constantly replenished his glass, and he dipped into it deeply, it was hard to tell how many glasses had passed from the bulky decanter. With his two helpings of fish, and his three of mutton, the claret in the decanter rapidly disappeared until only the dregs remained, yet he was sprightly and sober through it all, took his Chartreuse after his cheese and dessert without any extra sparkle in his coal-black eye, or any flush on his pallid cheeks, and then puffed at his cigar and emptied his glass of spirits at a gulp, helping himself again and yet again with most refreshing gusto." The author evidently imagines that a baronet is a young baron. "Sir Peter," we are told, "may draw his proper income from the estates and be a baron in power as he is at present in name." To which the appropriate reply is, "Oh! sir, you overpower me." How any self-respecting publisher can put his name to a volume of such infinitely vulgar balderdash passes our comprehension.

"The Red-painted Box." By Marie Connor Leighton. London: Macqueen.

Ladies ought not to attempt murder stories. They brace their nerves too obtrusively when they retch after the gruesome, and we cannot help resenting their pose of not being afraid, when their flesh is so obviously creeping. "The Red-painted Box" is written in a very pleasant style, which induces us to wish that the author would eschew unpleasantly gory subjects. Her hero is a great fool and we are not sure that she is aware of the fact, for she evidently pities him for the awkward fixes to which his stupidity exposes him, and she makes him live happily ever after in a way which he does not deserve, and which most readers will resent. The *dénouement* is painfully improbable; the title of the book is unwarranted, for the red-painted box is a mere accessory long after the fact; and most of the incidents are deplorably commonplace. But the book is not unreadable.

"Miriam Rozella" (White), by B. L. Farjeon, might well be called "A Study in Temptations," with apologies to its more brilliant predecessor of that name. From the first, poor Miriam is dogged at every footstep for the sake of her fatal beauty, and finds a trap wherever she treads. There is something very revolting in Lovelace's pursuit of her during the time of her governessdom to his cherished little sister; and Miriam's acceptance of him at the first mention of marriage suggests "Pamela" at once. The benevolent doctor is the counterpart of the doctor in Fielding's "Amelia." The likeness is probably quite accidental. But we should say that the author was unconsciously under the influence of the novelists of that period. A really modern Miriam would write to the papers, sue Lovelace for persecution, and marry a Viscount; a Richardsonian one would act just like Miriam Rozella.

"Brer Mortal" (Unwin), by Ben Marlas should be given to a thoughtful prisoner undergoing penal servitude for life. He would find it suggestive, improving, and instinct with deepest thought; above all, he would have time to read it. It is safe to prophesy that few ordinary mortals will be able to find either the time or the patience to do it justice. It almost certainly means something. We would even swear to the existence of a central idea somewhere. It shall be carefully put away; and when all the affairs of life have been attended to, and all the tiresome coherent books read,

we will give our minds to "Brer Mortal," beginning with this sentence. "On the dead rot of the tree of Desire grew this one, and they made a great fuss over it, and some called it the tree of Bo, and some the tree of Knowledge, until you wouldn't know whether to weep or laugh, Sonny."

"Ace o' Hearts" (Hurst & Blackett), by Charlotte Bain, and "Chloe" (Bliss), by Darley Dale, inspire one to class them together, being both fair readable novels of small significance, slightly suggestive of Miss Rhoda Broughton, and concerned with the fortunes of damsels invariably and almost laboriously *piquantes*. Of the two, "Chloe" is superior in tone and conception, though there are obvious impossibilities involved in the exchanging of personalities by the two brothers. If such an exchange were ever fatal, it would surely be so in the case of a confidential physician.

"The Witch-Wife" (Chatto), by Sarah Tytler, gives a dramatic account of the last witch-burning ever perpetrated in Scotland. Poor Sibble is a harmless and lovable creature, whose only fault lies in her precocity, so far beyond that of her country and her age that burning is its only reward. Her native hill-side has never heard of chloroform, morphia, or hypnotism; and when Sibble arrives unaided at the use of all three in some primitive form, she is not held guiltless because her motives are merciful. It is a book for girls, sound, merry, and dramatic; the tragic end is softened by Sibble's painless, self-inflicted death among the flames.

"At the Tail of the Hounds" (White), by Mrs. Edward Kennard, contains the usual number of hunting scenes, done in the usual capable way. The love-story is spoilt by the extraordinary familiarity—not to say vulgarity—of the early passages between the lovers. After two or three casual encounters, the elderly Major and the married woman of thirty-five are (figuratively) digging one another in the ribs and addressing one another as "You old bear!" and "You imp!" After these subtleties, the death of the husband and the marriage of the interesting couple are but questions of time. The two were clearly born for one another.

"By a Hair's-breadth" (Cassell), by Headon Hill, will give the jaded reader "one crowded hour of glorious life" and breathless excitement—provided always that he be not too critical as regards the author's expedients for rousing him. There is much that is absurd in Volborth's "waiting policy" which is allowed to prove all but fatal to the life of the Emperor whom he shadows and protects. Many of the dangers could have been averted by a grain of common sense, many of the rescues are clumsily managed. However, in spite of all, the Nihilists and the Emperor, with the immense machinery at the disposal of each, have conspired with Mr. Headon Hill to make up a genuinely sensational story, calculated to keep open the eyes of a volunteer-sentry on night-duty.

"Untold Tales of the Past" (Blackwood), by Beatrice Harraden, is more commonplace work than one expects from the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." The tales are pleasing, whether historically based or not, and the background to each is skilfully filled in without anachronisms. The book is handsome, and well illustrated.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE difficulties which beset the transcriber of ancient manuscripts are vividly portrayed in Mr. Henry J. White's preface to his edition of the Bobbio Palimpsest, which forms the fourth number of "Old-Latin Biblical Texts." He says, "At first sight to me the Palimpsest appeared utterly hopeless; in many of the leaves the first writing has completely disappeared; in others it can only be traced by marking where the scribe's pen has roughened the surface of the parchment; in others the ink has eaten through, and the letters can only be traced by holding the page against the light; and where this is the case with the writing on both sides, the task of deciding to which side any one letter, or part of a letter belongs, is not an easy one; the parchment too is in many cases so thin that the employment of a re-agent,

even were it allowed by the authorities in the Library, would probably do more harm than good."

The principal literary undertaking upon which Dean Farrar is engaged is a work on "Texts Rightly Interpreted." It will probably be produced in the course of the present year, if the author's public duties will permit of its completion in that period.

Mr. S. R. Crockett is making considerable headway with his new story of adventure, which deals, among other things, with the suppression of brigandage in Apulia by General Richard Church, in the early years of the present century. Much of the material has been obtained from the British consuls in the various South Italian towns, but Mr. Crockett is chiefly indebted to the General's nephew, Canon C. M. Church, of Wells, and his wife, for free access to the extensive journals kept by the General during his campaigns against the lawless bands. The romance will be first produced in the "Pall Mall Magazine."

The new translation of the "Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius, which Dr. Gerald Rendall has prepared for Messrs. Macmillan, has occupied its author for several years. His purpose has been "to produce a version which in point of scholarship shall rank with those works of the poets, historians, and philosophers of Greece, which during the last quarter of a century have been given to English readers 'with scholarly precision and in becoming dress.'" An introductory essay on Stoicism, and the last of the Stoics is included in the volume. It will be remembered that Dr. Rendall has succeeded Dr. Haig-Brown as Head Master of Charterhouse.

Dr. Westcott has written a preface to the posthumous volume of papers which the late Bishop Bickersteth of South Tokyo prepared for his students shortly before his death. Messrs. Sampson Low will issue it immediately under the title "Our Heritage in the Church."

Mr. L. C. R. Duncombe-Jewell has received various appreciations from headquarters of his "Handbook to British Military Stations Abroad." Lord Roberts has accepted the dedication and the Duke of Connaught has expressed his opinion, from an advance copy, that the work will serve a useful end.

The "Idler" has passed into the hands of Mr. J. M. Dent, who will have many well-wishers for his new undertaking and on his accession to the premises in Bedford Street, lately vacated by Messrs. Macmillan. The magazine has found a safe haven after a career of many vicissitudes.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new story, "Elissa," is laid in Central Africa, a region with as much scope for latitude as the period, 3000 B.C.

A new novel, by Sir Walter Besant, which has been christened "The Changeling," is to be published in "Chapman's Magazine," and afterwards in volume form, some time during the year. The same writer contributes to the "Pall Mall Magazine" a series of papers on South London, including the forgotten Palace of Kennington, the Monastery of Bermondsey, the Show Folk, the Debtors' Prisons, the Southwark of the last century, and the slums of to-day. They will be published afterwards in May or June by Messrs. Chatto & Windus as a companion to the previous volumes on "London and Westminster." The papers are illustrated by Mr. Percy Wadham.

The scene of Jules Verne's latest story, "Le Sphinx des Glaces" is laid in the arctic regions.

Mr. William Wallace is the editor of the "Correspondence between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

Mr. Robert Hichens' new novel, "The Londoners," is to be issued by Mr. Heinemann in the spring.

A new "College Latin Series" is shortly to be inaugurated by Messrs. Putnam's, who have placed the

general editorship in the hands of Professors Bennett and Rolfe of Cornell and Michigan. The first volume is entitled "Handbook of Latin Inscriptions Illustrative of the Language," by Mr. W. M. Lindsay, of Jesus College, Oxford. The material is grouped in four chapters—Earliest Period, Republican Period, Imperial Period, and Period of Decay.

Mr. P. H. Lockwood has completed a fresh volume of sketches in the Sedbergh district, which he calls "Storm and Sunshine in the Dales." It is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, with illustrations of the neighbouring scenery taken from photographs.

To commemorate the Jubilee of the Province of Otago, New Zealand, which takes place in March, Dr. Thomas M. Hocken has written a history of the settlement; it is to form the first of a series which Messrs. Sampson Low are dubbing "Contributions to the Early History of New Zealand." The author has been for many years a resident at Dunedin, and a member of the Otago University Council.

One of the chief events of this week is the issue by Messrs. Rivington of Professor Sayce's "Early History of the Hebrews." The record is taken down to the death of Solomon and the subsequent dissolution of the Kingdom.

Mrs. Craigie's reply to the inquiry as to why she chose such a prosaic *nom-de-plume* when she possessed such an attractive name as Pearl is not without method. She said: "I adopted the name of John Oliver Hobbes to keep me from being sentimental." It is a question of opinion whether the expedient has been successful or not.

Mr. Harding Davis is at work again upon a new serial for "Scribner's Magazine." The action of "The King's Jackal" takes place in Tangier. How thoroughly the American magazines are produced is shown by the fact that Mr. C. D. Gibson has been sent to Africa to infuse local colour into his illustrations for the story.

Messrs. Bell are preparing for early publication Mr. E. S. Prior's history of Gothic art, many of the illustrations to which are by Mr. G. C. Horsley.

Mr. Laurence Housman, the author of "Gods and their Makers," is about to publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a new volume entitled, "Spikenard: A Book of Devotional Love-Poems." Mr. Housman will also design the cover of this book.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "Nineteenth Century" opens the new year well with four articles on "The War Office and its Sham Army." Not one of them has a single good word to say for the military administration in Pall Mall. Colonel Brookfield gives a number of instances of the circumlocutory methods it delights to follow; much of the work of the staff he describes as an official game of "hunt the slipper." Major Rasch describes the policy of the War Office as "to put a million in the slot and take out a dozen battalions;" only this and nothing more. The twelve years' service, seven with the colours and five with the reserve, on which practically forty-nine men out of fifty serve has, he says, proved a disastrous failure, and he urges the adoption of long service, which is a success in the Navy and the Royal Marines, for the Indian battalions, and short service, which has been efficient in the Army, for the home battalions, the officers and men of both systems to be interchangeable and available for service in any part of the world. Major-General Frank Russell, M.P., calls attention to the deficiencies of the reserve, and Lord Alwyne Compton, M.P., who briefly surveys the whole question, has a good word for the system of linked battalions, but says that the War Office has seen the whole system being dislocated, and has made no effort to set it right. Major-General Sir Edmund du Cane follows with a discussion of the question whether we need an army for home defence at all, and concludes that we do, whilst Mr. Arthur V. Palmer, as an ex-recruiting sergeant, makes a number of practical suggestions from his own experience for obtaining a sufficient number of eligible recruits. Deferred pay, the territorial system, the "nimble ninepence" which is all that the "Queen's shilling" usually amounts to, and the long term of foreign service are, Mr. Palmer thinks, the main difficulties which prevent men from joining the army. The Partition of China is discussed by Mr. Holt S. Hallett with special know-

ledge of the present condition of the Chinese Empire. The Manchu dynasty, he declares, is the cement which holds the various elements in China together, and if through its imbecility or stupidity the Empire falls to pieces, partition will become inevitable. We ought in that case, he thinks, to come to an amicable agreement with Russia, France and Japan, taking for our share the basin of the Yangtse-Kiang, Kuangtung, and Yunnan. Other articles of interest are Dr. Jessopp's pleasant chat about "Parish Life in England before the Great Pillage," Mr. R. E. Prothero's "Childhood and School Days of Byron," and Princess Kropotkin's "Higher Education of Women in Russia." At the end there is a lively interchange of amenities between Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. Herbert Paul with reference to the latter's article on "The New Learning."

The "Contemporary Review" for January contains no article of unusual importance. Dr. George Washburn writes of "The Coming of the Slav," his text being an address delivered a short time ago by a young Slav who declared that "the Latin and Teutonic races have had their day and have failed to establish a truly Christian civilisation," and that the Slav is "to regenerate Europe and to establish universal brotherhood and the kingdom of Christ on earth." This belief Dr. Washburn thinks is the dream of more than a hundred millions of brains in Europe, and he is, moreover, of opinion that the Slavic race seems to be the only one in sight to which the mission of regeneration could be given. This may not throw much light on the occupation of Port Arthur, but it is at least an interesting point of view. Mr. William O'Brien emerges from obscurity again to write of '98 and to explain that Pitt was really the instigator of the rebellion, the man who paved the way for it, gave the signal for it, and turned all its horrors to account for the accomplishment of the Union. Mr. John A. Dyche, who describes himself as "a typical alien immigrant," defends the foreign Jewish workman who comes to England from the aspersions cast upon him by the Aliens' Immigration Bill. The extent of alien immigration to England he shows from the Board of Trade's report to have been grossly exaggerated, and he maintains that when the Jewish workman does come to England, so far from taking the British workman's work from him, he in reality creates new industries for himself, such as the ready-made clothing trade and the ladies' mantle trade, and that the Jewish workman's wages and standard of comfort are both higher than in the case of the British workman. Mr. W. T. Stead uses Mr. Joseph Arch's experiences as a weapon against the State Church, Mr. J. A. Meeson continues the argument against Sacerdotalism in the English Church, Colonel Durand writes of sport in Chitral, and Mrs. Mary Davies, from her experience as a Government Inspector of Cookery, writes with great common sense on the teaching of cookery in schools. Doctrinaire Radicalism in the person of Mr. T. C. Snow cries out for shorter Parliaments, "An Onlooker" writes on the Engineering Strike from the men's point of view, and Mr. Havelock Ellis introduces us to a new artificial paradise, into which men enter by eating a drug called "Mescal," indigenous to New Mexico and possessing the power of inducing the most gorgeous visions of colour.

If the Liberal party still remains disorganized it is not for want of plain speaking in the "Fortnightly Review." In the current number two more articles of the candid friend order discuss the present position of the party. "A.B.C." explains the "débâcle" by the decay of Liberal enthusiasm which resulted in the first place from the defection of Mr. John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain over the Home Rule question, and in the second place from the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, enthusiasm being the only force by which democratic principles can prevail against the aristocratic forces of the country. He is very bitter against Lord Rosebery, whom he accuses of having wrecked the democratic cause, and very complimentary to Mr. Labouchere, but he plainly has few ideas of his own on the function of government. "Democratic principles" are his shibboleth. "Expertus" is bitter against the professional Liberal wirepullers, but he is more hopeful, mainly because he finds a likeness between the position in the closing months of 1879 and the first month of 1898. The difference, however, is important. There is now no Mr. Gladstone, and there are any number of party bosses. Under the circumstances, therefore, the Liberal revival does not seem appreciably nearer. Mr. W. E. Bear treats of more practical politics in his article on "Ideal Land Tenure and the Best Makeshift." National ownership of the land, he thinks, would be best, but since, at present at least, that is unattainable, the aim, he maintains, should be to make the landlord and tenant system conform as closely as possible to the conditions of the ideal form of land tenure by securing Free Sale, Fixity of Tenure and Fair Rents. Foreign politics are in the hands of Dr. E. J. Dillon, who writes of the struggle of religions and races in Russia, of Mdme. Novikoff who, of course, extols her native land as usual, Russia being described on this occasion as the head physician of the "European Hospital," and of Mr. H. L. Brækstad, who, writing as a Norwegian, replies vigorously to Miss Constance Sutcliffe's article on "Scandinavia and her King," and puts the Norwegian side of the dispute that is now proceeding in the Scandinavian peninsula with great cogency. Amongst the literary articles Mr. Arthur Symonds's discussion of the work and temperament of Gérard de Nerval is another of those admirable and sympathetic pieces of criticism which are making for him an important reputation. M. Lucien Wolf gives an excellent account of the

Dreyfus case and of its connexion with the Anti-Semitic movement in Paris; Mr. Joseph Pennell writes about cycles as if he were a cycle manufacturer's agent, and the Hon. G. Coleridge contributes quite a pleasant little note about a Robin Redbreast of his acquaintance. M. Ch. Bastide with an article on the French "cacoëthes literarum," Mr. Percy Osborn with some translations from Philostratus, which make clear the source whence Herrick drew some at least of his inspirations, and a study in Platonic chronology by Professor Lewis Campbell complete the interesting part of the number.

"Blackwood's Magazine" has taken the wrong side in the matter of the Indian Frontier; but, allowing for the initial blunder, the frontier article in the current number is comparatively harmless, even commendable. The writer deprecates further fighting. This, at least, is a grateful admission. To the sword he would prefer statesmanship, the policy of winning over, of conciliation, that has achieved so much in Russian Asia, so much, too, within the boundaries of the Indian Empire itself. The political aspects of frontier questions, in fact, have not received sufficient attention, because there has been no one to attend. The writer therefore suggests that between the Secretary and the Viceroy there should be a "Foreign Minister," if a soldier no longer a fighter, some "Nestor of the Indian Service." If, during the ten years preceding the frontier risings such a man had "sat and voted as Foreign Minister in the Viceroy's Council, the political, as distinct from the military, aspects of frontier questions could scarce have failed to receive a fuller share of scrutiny and consideration, to the great advantage of the Empire." If this admission cannot be called exactly hopeful, it is better than a blind confidence in the Forward Policy and its methods. Mrs. O'Neill writes a sparkling account of life on a rancho in the North-West; "An Oxonian" says nothing particular about Cambridge, except that her dons know better than the Oxford authorities how to treat (or, rather, to refrain from treating), periodically troublesome undergraduates; Dr. Louis Robinson endorses the opinion that when a man's eyes "are somewhat prominent and are half veiled by drooping lids (a type well marked in the late Lord Beaconsfield), it is almost invariably a sign of superior mental qualities;" and an anonymous writer discusses very properly the reasons for Germany's success in manufacture—the superior technical education, the more meticulous attention to the wants of various markets. There is also a "Proposed Solution" of the army problem, which is doubtless as lucid and as convincing as the rest of the half-dozen solutions which appear every month. Both the serials at present running in the magazine deal with heroes in distant times of Scottish clan warfare and the French Revolution, and even the current short story plays a hundred years ago. On the top of this some unnecessary person must needs cry out against the present day and fidget himself into a solemn hysteria about something he calls the "New Humanitarianism"—give a dog a bad name and hang him. These four contributions together are almost too much disloyalty to our own time for one little number of a magazine.

Of the three hopeful papers on Socialism in "Cosmopolis," by M. M. Hyndman, Jean Jaurès and Liebknecht, the last is by far the best piece of work. It is an excellent thing, from the first word to the last, excellent in the depth of its philosophy, in its breadth of range, its humour, its long experience, its revelation of a personality, a lovable personality—it might easily be the best contribution to a more interesting number. Neither Pualet Victor Margueritte nor Adalbert Meinhardt arrest us with their short stories. In the first instalment of his piece Mr. James has involved himself, as only Mr. James can, with a publisher who will not print an article because he considers it improper. Both Mr. Henry Norman and M. Francis de Pressensé begin their articles with the set comedy of the German Emperor, though they each go on to more serious matters, one to a denunciation of the frontier war and the other to a prophecy of war between England and Germany. "Ignotus" contents himself with discussing the by no means entertaining impossibilities of a Central European Zollverein.

(For This Week's Books see page 93.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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 Shakespeare, A Selection of Tales from (C. and M. Lamb). Clay. 1s. 6d.
 South Africa of To-day (Capt. F. Younghusband). Macmillan. 8s. 6d.
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By Order of the Board,

STUART JAMES HOGG,

18 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.

Secretary.

11 January, 1898.

SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY

("DREADNOUGHT").

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 3d Gul. IV., Cap. 9.

Patron:—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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The Society is empowered by its Act of Parliament to take and hold Real Estate.

P. MICHELLI, Secretary.

94.

The Royal Association

IN AID OF

THE DEAF AND DUMB

(St. Saviour's Church Lecture and Reading Room)

419 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President—THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

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THE OBJECTS OF THIS ASSOCIATION

Are to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Deaf and Dumb—about 2000 of whom reside in London—by the following means:—

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The DEAF and DUMB are beyond the reach of all ordinary ministerial agency for public religious instruction. The only means adapted to their condition is a *special provision* in the sign and manual language. This Association provides at present fourteen services per week in eight parts of London, besides several other occasional ones.

2.—To visit the Deaf and Dumb in their own homes.

3.—To assist Deaf and Dumb persons in obtaining employment.

4.—To relieve, either by gifts or loans of money, deserving necessitous Deaf and Dumb persons.

5.—To encourage the early training of Deaf and Dumb children preparatory to their admission into Educational Institutions.

The Committee ask whether the reader will not, in *grateful acknowledgment* for the great blessing of hearing, give an ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION to this Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the London and Westminster Bank, Stratford Place, W.; or by the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS COLE, at 419 Oxford Street, London, W.

THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WITH HIP DISEASE, QUEEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

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CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

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London-Secretary:

A. MOIR.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT for NOV. 1897.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 16,109 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.		Cost.
To Mining Expenses	£11,436 11 2
" Transport "	234 5 9
" Milling "	2,195 2 5
" Cyanide "	1,580 9 11
" Slimes "	1,310 9 5
" General Charges	3,378 15 0
" Mine Development	444 6 0
" Balance Profit	£20,580 4 2
		25,094 6 7
		£45,674 10 9

REVENUE.

By Gold Accounts—		Value.
" 6,752'646 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£28,488 19 5
" 3,335'617 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	13,991 11 4
" 796,000 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	3,194 0 0
		£45,674 10 9

The Tonnage mined for month was 19,472 tons, cost ... £11,436 11 2
Less quantity added to stock 76 " 44 16 3Less waste rock sorted out 19,396 " 11,436 15 2
Milled Tonnage 16,109 " £11,436 15 2The declared output was 13,203'75 ozs. bullion = 10,884'263 ozs. fine gold.
And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—13 dwts.
12'318 grs.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

6TH LEVEL—	ft.
Sinking Winzes ...	6
7TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West ...	44
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ...	15
Sinking Winzes ...	19
Cross-Cutting ...	32
8TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West ...	94
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ...	193
Sinking Winzes ...	38
9TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West ...	48
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ...	46
Cross-cutting ...	89
Sinking Winzes ...	98
	713

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 30,206 tons.
During the month 3,287 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 14 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 16'946 per cent. of the total rock mined.H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary.*

Head Office, Johannesburg, 8 December, 1897.

THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.

Chief Office—Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

President—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY supplies Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Artificial Limbs, Artificial Eyes, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease.

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Over 23,000 Appliances given in 1897.

OVER 270 PATIENTS ARE RELIEVED EVERY WEEK.

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RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, *Secretary.*

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THE ROBINSON RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER, 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.	
Stamps running ...	35
Ore crushed ...	5040 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold returned ...	2525 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	4085 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	725 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	59 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	123 ozs.
Total Gold recovered ...	3373 ozs.

THE NORTH RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER, 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.	
Stamps running ...	40
Ore crushed ...	6167 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold returned ...	1667 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	3840 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	687 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	025.
Total Gold recovered ...	2354 ozs.

THE PORGES RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.	
Stamps running ...	60
Ore crushed ...	7520 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold returned ...	3117 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	5700 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	980 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	98 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	405 ozs.
Total Gold recovered ...	4502 ozs.

THE LANGLAAGTE STAR GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.	
Stamps running ...	30
Ore crushed ...	5310 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold returned ...	3117 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	4313 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	902 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	025.
Total Gold recovered ...	4020 ozs.

BLOCK B. LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.	
Stamps running ...	75
Ore crushed ...	11,740 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold returned ...	3044 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	7200 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	1104 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	178 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	336 ozs.
Total Gold recovered ...	4484 ozs.

THE LANGLAAGTE ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.	
Stamps running ...	200
Ore crushed ...	26,878 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold returned ...	6053 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	16,650 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	1707 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.	
Tons treated ...	750 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered ...	1269 ozs.
Total Gold recovered ...	9029 ozs.

THE SONS OF GWALIA, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

CAPITAL - - - - - £300,000.

In 300,000 Shares of £1 each.

Directors.

CYRIL WANKLYN. ARTHUR JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS. R. C. OGILVIE. JAMES DAWSON.

Another Director will be nominated by the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited.

Bankers.—SMITH, PAYNE, & SMITHS.

Solicitors.—CARPENTER & THOMPSON.

Broker.—L. AARONS, Gresham House and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

Auditors.—MONKHOUSE, STONEHAM, & CO.

Secretary and Offices.—T. W. WELLSTED, Broad Street House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing the Gold Mining Leases known collectively as the "Sons of Gwalia," and situated near Mount Leonora, in the Mount Malcolm district of the North Coolgardie Goldfield, Western Australia.

The properties were discovered by Welsh Prospectors in the summer of 1896, since which date a large amount of development has been carried out, and a 10-stamp mill has been erected.

Messrs. BEWICK, MOREING & Co., reporting for the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited, on 30 November, 1897, conclude their report as follows:—

"RÉSUMÉ AND CONCLUSIONS.

"The property comprises 168 acres, of which only one lease of 24 acres has been prospected. This lease contains two known auriferous deposits.

"The principal of these two deposits may be described as a zone of low grade ore exploited from 6 ft. to 30 ft. in width, and 650 ft. in length. In this zone there are five chutes of high-grade ore. The length of two of these chutes is proved, the three others are but partly proved. There are two or three chutes discovered but yet unprospected. There is 11,750 tons of ore blocked out in these chutes, which averages 2 ozs. 16 dwts. per ton.

"Surrounding these high-grade chutes are ores of low grade, yet profitable. Three chutes have been prospected so as to allow estimates of tonnage. Three are unprospected but of great promise. There can be estimated 3950 tons of ore averaging 10 dwts. to 15 dwts. per ton.

"There is a parallel vein, in which there is now blocked out 3200 tons of ore averaging 12 dwts. per ton.

"There has been milled from the Mine 3161 tons of ore, which has an assay value of 2 ozs. 13 dwts. per ton.

"The average value by milling both high-grade and low-grade ores together is 2 ozs. 2 dwts. per ton.

"There should be secured an extraction of at least 92 per cent., or 1 oz. 18 dwts. per ton. From 200 to 250 tons of ore can be extracted daily, and from its easily workable nature can be milled by 50 stamps.

"The working costs under the favourable facilities existing should not exceed 32s. per ton, and there is now blocked out and in sight a profit of £98,000.

"Assuming the value and tonnage to continue 100 ft. below the 100 ft. level, as above it, there would be in sight a profit of £230,000 above the 200 ft. level.

"Should the present ore chutes continue their value in depth, from them can be gained a monthly profit of from £30,000 to £40,000. If additional bodies of low-grade ores are proved, then the average grade will be lowered, and monthly profits may be reduced to £20,000—£25,000, unless milling capacity be increased to deal with larger quantities of ore.

"The ore has been proved below water level in the main shaft, and maintains its value. There is every geologic evidence that it will maintain its value and quantity in depth.

"The general nature of the deposit gives hope of proving great quantities of additional ore: 1st. In further proving the extent of partially proved ore chutes. 2nd. In chutes discovered and yet unprospected. 3rd. Of finding still other chutes.

"There are great quantities of ore of too low grade to work at present, which will, in the future, become profitable.

"The property possesses great potentialities."

It is intended to proceed with the erection of a new Mill, with fifty heads of stamps and a cyanide plant of the most modern and improved type, as advised by the Engineers.

The Company will be provided with a working capital of £50,000.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendors, the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited—who are the promoters of the Company, and are reselling at a profit—at £250,000, payable in fully paid Shares.

The following Agreements have been entered into:—

An Agreement dated 17 November, 1897, between the London and Westralian Mines and Finance Agency, Limited, the British Westralian Mines and Share Corporation, Limited, and the Union Financial Syndicate, Limited, of the one part, and the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited, of the other part, for the purchase by the latter Company of the above-mentioned properties.

An Agreement dated 5 January, 1898, between the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited, of the one part, and Herbert James Russell as Trustee for and on behalf of this Company of the other part, for resale to this Company of the above properties at a profit to the London and Western Australian Exploration Company, Limited.

LONDON, 11 January, 1898.

NOTE.—As the whole of the working capital of the Company has been subscribed, and the Vendors are taking the whole of the purchase consideration in Shares, this Prospectus is advertised for public information only, and not for the purpose of inviting subscriptions.